

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE HIDDEN CITIES OF THE MOUND

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### AXEL MUNTHE AND THE LITTLE BIRDS

A HILLSIDE OF ANACAPRI  
How a Butcher's Trap Became  
a Haven of Rest

#### A CHORUS OF PRAISE

A Swedish doctor living in the island of Capri has published a book full of beautiful things.

Every doctor knows wonderful stories of heroism and self-sacrifice, but few have the talent of Axel Munthe, who has made a moving book of his varied experiences and called it the Story of San Michele.

Perhaps the most lovable tale of all tells how he fought a butcher of Anacapri. This man owned a slope of Monte Barbarossa, and he used it for bird snaring.

He would catch a number of birds, put out their eyes, and fasten them by the leg. They fluttered and twittered, thereby drawing other birds down into the fowler's net.

Thousands of migratory birds were caught in this way, for Monte Barbarossa was a resting-point on their long journey across the world.

#### The Doctor's Dilemma

Axel Munthe loved birds, and could not endure to hear of their torture. He offered to buy the slope. The butcher wanted three times its value. The doctor sold his two greatest treasures, a Greek vase and a picture, and raised the huge sum demanded. But the butcher doubled the price.

He smiled as he announced it, knowing that the doctor could not possibly raise the sum asked for. The truth was that he hated the doctor for pitying the birds, and did not mean to sell the land to him.

One day the priest arrived at the doctor's house. He said he knew the butcher was an enemy, but the man was now dangerously ill, and since there was no other doctor in reach he begged Munthe to come and help him.

"I will come on one condition," said the doctor; "he must swear to sell the hillside."

#### At the Judgment Bar

When the butcher was told, he replied that he would die first, but as the dreary night wore on his courage ebbed with his strength, and he gave way.

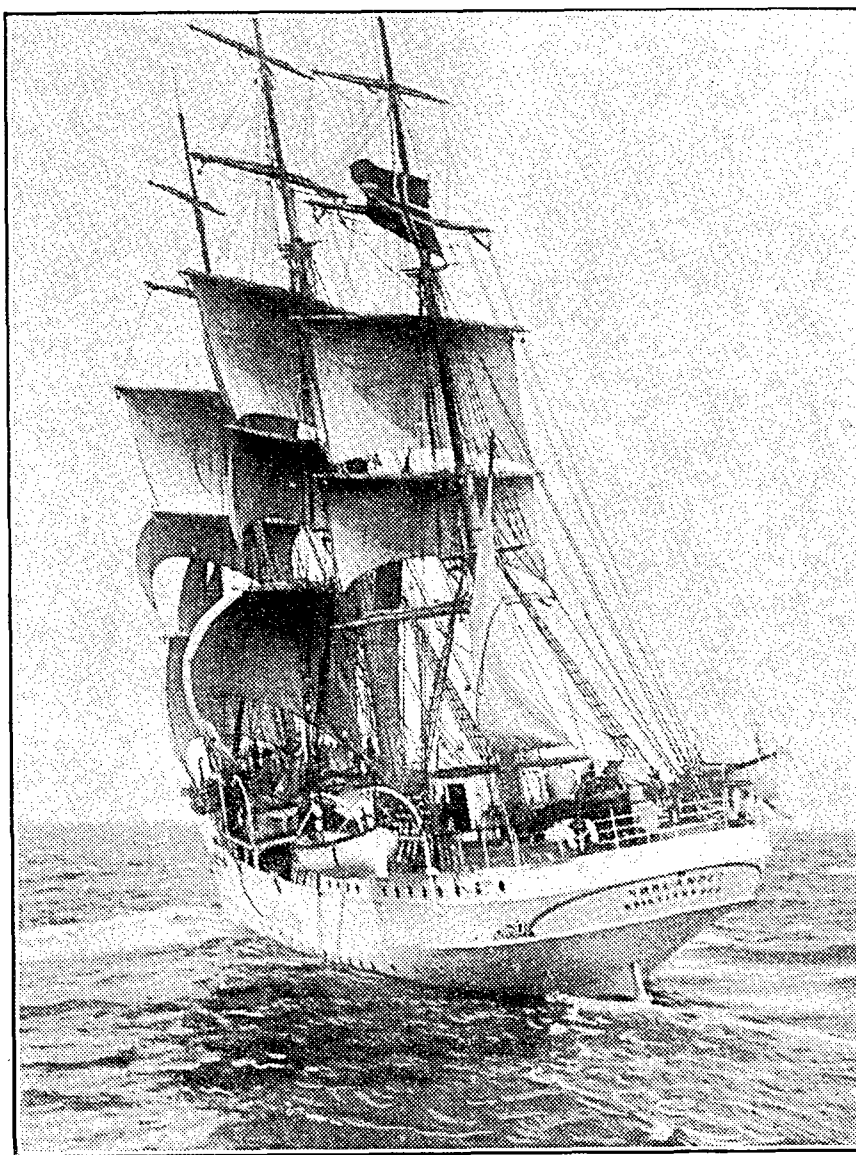
In the early hours the priest came hurrying back to the doctor's house with the news. Never did doctor make more haste to a patient.

The butcher had pleurisy. The doctor tapped a pint of fluid from the left pleura, and the man recovered from his illness.

Today the mountain of Barbarossa is a bird sanctuary. The trap has become a haven of rest.

Munthe believes with the Lapps that at the Judgment Bar of Heaven the

### Outward Bound



In spite of the vast progress made in shipping in our time we can never cease to be thrilled by the sight of an old ship with sails well filled scudding along before a strong breeze. Here is a Norwegian cadet ship leaving the Tyne after a visit to Newcastle.

first witnesses to be called concerning each human soul will be animals. Then the dumb, overloaded horse and the starved donkey will find speech. Then, too, the poor old woman who feeds stray cats and the tramp who shares his crusts with the sparrow will meet their reward.

There will be a whole chorus of little voices praising Axel Munthe if this should prove to be true.

And Axel Munthe, when that happens, will find there with him, we hope, that other friend of dumb things who lives among the mighty hills. We are thinking of Francis Jammes, a poet of France who lives at the foot of the Pyrenees, where he wrote

**Let Me Go to Paradise With the Asses.**  
O God, when You send for me, let it be  
Upon some festal day of dusty roads.  
I wish, as I did ever here below,  
By any road that pleases me, to go  
To Paradise, where stars shine all day long.  
Taking my stick out on the great highway,  
To my dear friends the asses I shall say:  
*I am Francis Jammes going to Paradise,*  
*For there is no hell where the Lord God dwells.*

*Come with me, my sweet friends of azure skies,  
You poor, dear beasts who whisk off with your ears*

*Mosquitoes, peevish blows, and buzzing bees.  
Let me appear before You with these beasts,  
Whom I so love because they bow their heads  
Sweetly, and halting join their little feet  
So gently that it makes you pity them.  
Let me come followed by their million ears,  
By those that carried panniers on their flanks,  
And those that dragged the car of acrobats,  
Those that had battered cans upon their backs,  
She-asses, limping, full as leather bottles,  
And those, too, that they breech because of blue*

*And oozing wounds round which the stubborn flies  
Gather in swarms. God, let me come to You  
With all these asses into Paradise.*

*Let angels lead us where Your rivers soothe  
Their tufted banks, and cherries tremble,  
smooth  
As is the laughing flesh of tender maids,  
And let me, where Your perfect peace pervades,  
Be like Your asses, bending down above  
The heavenly waters through eternity,  
To mirror their sweet, humble poverty  
In the clear waters of Eternal Love.*

### EVE LAVALLIÈRE HOW SHE FOUND HAPPINESS

The Famous Actress Who Was  
Missing From the Stage

#### THE JOY OF DOING

One of the strangest stories in the world has come to an end.

In 1868 there was born in Toulon a little girl called Eugénie Feneglie. She was orphaned in her childhood and tried to earn her living first as a shop assistant and then as a singer in cafés.

People liked her singing, and told her she should try her luck in Paris. She went to Paris poor and nameless. A manager gave the little provincial girl a part, and all Paris loved her. Fame and fortune paved her way with gold and flowers.

The most distinguished people cultivated her friendship. Great men begged her to interpret their plays. There was hardly anything the world can give which was denied her.

She was very beautiful, with a crown of curls and great shining eyes. She had grace of body and movement, and she was extremely intelligent.

#### In Quest of Happiness

Admiration followed her everywhere. Her photographs appeared constantly, articles were written about her clothes by one type of journalist, and about her art by another type.

The famous actress had called herself Eve Lavallière. Suddenly Eve Lavallière disappeared.

Her dazzling life had brought her no happiness. At first, like every stage-struck girl, she had thought it would be splendid to be famous. At first she had been as pleased with her jewels as a baby with its toys. But soon she was asking: "Is this all? I am not happy. When shall I begin to be happy?"

In the end she left the world and set out in quest of happiness. She found it in a little village of the Vosges, where she lived a life of poverty, prayer, and service. If a poor man needed nursing, or a sick woman wanted her house scrubbed, or a dying child wanted comfort, Eugénie Feneglie was at their beck and call.

#### Living for Others

After much searching her brilliant friends found her. They begged her to return to the world. All they could say was in vain.

"It will not last," people said. But years went on. For fifteen years the famous actress was the servant of the poor in her mountain village.

Now she has passed on to that world where heroes go, and people are recalling her genius and beauty, and wondering afresh why her fame brought her no happiness. But there are others who do not wonder, people working in hospitals and slums and in quiet villages. They know that the secret of happiness is to live for others.



## 33 BLIND GIRLS A VERY CHEERFUL CAMP Guides Who Enjoy Life in the World They Cannot See GOOD TURNS ALL ROUND

By a Foxlease Camper

All those who have experienced the joys of camp life look forward to the summer months when they can go out into the open and for a little while live a life of natural freedom. Unhappily there are always those among us for whom camp life is not easy. Some have the misfortune to be blind.

A happy company of 33 blind Rangers has lately been in camp at Foxlease, the Guide Home in the New Forest, and for a crowded fortnight they shared the daily life of 30 sighted Guiders who went there from all parts of England to try to make the camp all that a camp should be. They loved it all, every minute of it, and when the time came to an end they declared that it was the best camp they had known. It was the third Blind Camp held at Foxlease, and each one proves to be bigger and better.

### Radiant Happiness

The camp was run by Miss Crawter, Camp Adviser for Kent and District Commissioner for Dartford, with Mrs. Bowlby, who is Assistant Head of Extensions. A radiant happiness was the keynote of the camp, and visitors were amazed to find the blind Rangers washing up, peeling potatoes, or doing country dancing or physical exercise. From morning till night the place rang with laughter and song. The Rangers picked up the songs at Camp Fire with amazing rapidity. They would sing all day, and parody incidents of their daily life to the various tunes.

It is a mistaken idea to think that because a girl is blind she must sit in a corner and do nothing. These Rangers, guided by sighted Patrol Leaders, did Company and Patrol Drill as well as any sighted company. They attended Colours each morning, provided escorts for sighted bearers, and formed a Horse-shoe perfectly. After Colours they would receive instruction in tests for various badges, and would play all kinds of games. Especially good were they in Nature games, naming trees by the feel of the leaves.

### A Good Turn

The patrol system for the blind is carried on in the usual way, and they do patrol duties as we do. It gives these Rangers infinite pleasure to be treated as normal people, and the most menial duty is looked upon by them as a great honour.

Guiding brings sunshine into the homes of many of these poor girls. It brings them into touch with the outside world they have not seen; it gives them an occupation and trains them to do many useful things. Seeing that so many come from poor homes where the mother has no time to give to them it is a thrilling surprise to find them so alert and capable. A Good Turn indeed it is to lend them a hand, but a Good Turn it is that they do for us in the example they set for us of cheerfulness, courage, and goodwill all round.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Aahmes	Ah-mes
Amur	Ah-moor
Anacapi	Ah-nah-kah-pre
Annonay	Ah-no-nay
Gaza	Gay-zah
Nikolaevsk	Nye-kah-lah-yefsk
Shishak	Shy-shak

## OLD PEPPER'S ASS The Last Ride Together

The fame that is coming just now to some of the old locomotives proved too much for one of them, Old Peppersass, of Mount Washington, U.S.A. It blew up.

It is sixty years since Old Peppersass made its first ascent of the cog-wheel railway to the summit of the highest of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. After twenty years of grinding work the old thing was put in a museum.

From its forty years of retirement the old engine was brought out, complimented, brushed up, oiled, and generally reconditioned as a preliminary to dedicating it and putting it back as a national relic.

The engineers had such faith in the old boilers after they had been renovated that they declared Old Peppersass was as good as new, and quite as capable as it was in 1869 of taking a load up the mountain.

### Something Goes Wrong

It was therefore given the honour of leading a procession of other special trains which were to convey seven State Governors and 200 other eminent people to the top. It came out of the trial with credit.

But after lunch something went to the poor old thing's head. For the first hundred yards or so it went well on its last journey, and then a wheel wobbled, and Old Peppersass, rather like Old Pepper himself than his Ass, took the bit between its teeth and became unmanageable. The driver and fireman and its two passengers jumped for their lives. The old ass went on without them. It tore up 200 feet of the cog-wheel railway, hit a boulder, and soon nothing was left but steam, a burst boiler, and fragments of the Old Timer of 1869.

Perhaps Old Peppersass will be put together again, and future visitors to the museum will tell over again the story of its last bray. But the seven governors and other eminent persons will recall that but for the timely warning of three guides who stopped the following trains they also might have been numbered among the relics of Mount Washington.

## JUMBO'S ALICE

### A Very Queer Coincidence

A story from Toronto of an elephant's long memory seems a little too good to be true, but if it is exaggerated as reported in the papers it is at any rate an odd coincidence.

About fifty years ago Jumbo, the famous Zoo elephant which was the pet of a generation of children who now have grown-up children of their own, was sold to Barnum, the showman, and with Barnum's Circus it toured North America. Alice, who had been Jumbo's life-long companion, was left behind.

Poor Jumbo was killed in a railway smash near St. Thomas, Ontario, and there was much sorrow in England.

Later Alice was also sold to America, and though now reported to be a centenarian is still on the march with the circus.

A few weeks ago, the circus wagons were being taken by the place where Jumbo was killed. It is said that when Alice reached the spot she stamped, trumpeted, and went down on her aged knees, and it was only with difficulty that she was pacified.

It is too strange a story to be passed by, but nobody can say that Alice's grief was anything more than a mere coincidence.

## PLAYING WITH FIRE DANGER IN THE KINEMA, HOSPITAL, AND NURSERY

### A Menace to Life and Safety That Lies Everywhere About Us

### BABY'S TERRIBLE TOY

When the Fire Engineers held their annual meeting at Manchester the other day they named one of the chief enemies of the fire-fighter. It is Celluloid.

It has often been named in the C.N. Celluloid in the nursery, its terrors grimly hidden in the guise of toys; celluloid in the films of the kinema; celluloid in the workshops and in the shops where the hundred articles made of it are sold—how often has it acquired a dreadful notoriety in the news as a taker of life!

### A Wife's Devotion

Only a few days ago there was a story of a wife's devotion to her aged husband when their shop at Redhill burst suddenly into flames. The husband was lying bedridden upstairs, and the wife rushed up to help him, refusing to leave him while a ladder was being fetched. Before it came the house collapsed, and the old couple both perished.

The cause of the fire was thought to be an inflammable celluloid comb which had blazed up when the Sun's rays were focused on it through a glass bottle.

That is one case. There has just been also a terrible fire at a kinema in a village in Kent, where two lives were lost, and it is almost certain that the fire was due to celluloid.

The hospitals to which we look for life-saving are also exposed to the dangers of this life-destroying material. Some of them keep vast quantities of celluloid film, used for X-ray photographs. The celluloid films remain in their libraries and lecture-rooms, a menace to the staff and to the patients. Some hospitals retain the X-ray film photographs for years, and accumulate tons of this perilous stuff.

### Proving the Danger

If anyone wishes to prove the danger of celluloid he has only to throw on the fire the penny celluloid toy a baby is playing with, or one of the celluloid holders for shaving soap, or a cheap celluloid comb—and see the way it blazes up like a firework, or old-fashioned coloured fire. He need not throw it on the fire, even; all that is needed is to let it lie about and become hot enough to blaze.

It is more dangerous than most inflammable things, because their dangers are known, while the celluloid article looks so harmless. It is an abominable shame that it should be distributed everywhere, even to babies, in picture-houses full of children, and in hospitals, to the danger of people who do not realise the peril and can be guaranteed no protection against it. The inventors have long since produced celluloid in a form that will not ignite, and the dangerous celluloid ought to be prohibited everywhere for films or for articles of everyday use.

### Prevention Better than Cure

The Fire Engineers at Manchester were told by their President, Chief-Superintendent Corlett, that there was much room for science in inventions to fight the fires which other modern inventions, such as skyscrapers, petrol, and "celluloid in countless guises," were making more frequent and more costly; but where celluloid is the cause prevention would be better than cure.

The C.N. once more appeals to the Home Office to save the children and the hospitals, at any rate, from this ever-present peril.

## WE DESERVE THE DROUGHT

### Dig More Wells

### THE GODS HELP THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

"The gods help those who help themselves," said Hercules to the Wagoner. Have we forgotten it?

While holiday-makers and bathing-hut proprietors rejoice in real summer weather farmers and gardeners complain of the drought. But have they any right to complain?

The other day the Country Girl's dog took her for his favourite walk across some fields to a farmhouse. A shallow brook runs through the second field from the homestead, and he delights to bathe at a certain point in it, where the bushes open out and cattle come down to drink.

### The Lazy Farmers

To her surprise she found the place muddy and stagnant. A fallen branch and drifting weed had dammed it and below the little pool was no brook at all. No one had bothered to look after the precious water.

On returning she opened the paper to read how every year in the Vale of Aylesbury there are floods in winter and droughts in summer, simply because the farmers are lazy. They allow tiny brooks and streams 30 feet wide to silt up and become choked with weed. The heavy rains make the watercourses overflow, fresh plants spring up on the mud as spring advances, and by summertime there is hardly any river-bed left.

Then the farmers ask the clergy to pray for rain. They forget what Hercules said to the Wagoner.

### Water Underground

Someone has suggested that the Government might set the unemployed to give England a public water supply. It sounds too good and simple an idea to appeal to Officialdom. Yet there are 9000 places in England, waiting for a water supply, though nearly everywhere in our isle there is water—underground.

Nantwich bored 400 feet last month and got out 9000 gallons of water, an hour. Other places wait or pray for rain.

Water supplies cost money, but it costs money to lose crops and cattle for lack of water. Besides that, plenty of water outside and in is necessary for health, and ill-health is expensive. Is it not time that rural England left off leaving its water supply to the Clerk of the Weather, and did a little digging?

### HOW TO KEEP A BIRTHDAY

A Yorkshire gentleman has a very admirable way of showing how glad he is to be alive. His birthday is July 5, and during a number of past years it has been his habit to walk into the office of the Bradford Hospital and make the institution a present of £1 for each year he has lived.

It is said that his gifts amount to a total of nearly £2000. Who he was was not revealed till two years ago. This year his contribution was £83. His name is Mr. Redman. All who hear of this original form of gratitude for continued life, we are sure, will wish for him many more years.

## THINGS SAID

We ought to do the work we want to do.

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson

There is more hope every day that His Majesty's recovery will be complete.

Lord Dawson

The greatest water wasters of all are the authorities who pollute our rivers.

Mr. Thomas Gomm

In the war the whole situation was saved by the self-sacrificing generosity of the English Government and the English Army. The American Ambassador

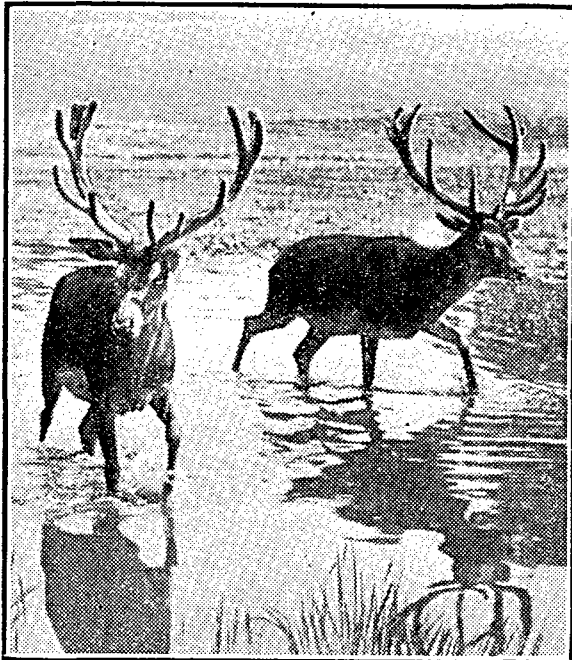


August 10, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

3

# OIL FROM COAL • THE JAMBOREE SCOUTS • SELLING WATER



**Keeping Cool**—The deer in Richmond Park, near London, have found the heat very trying. Two of them are here seen cooling themselves in the shallow waters of a pond.



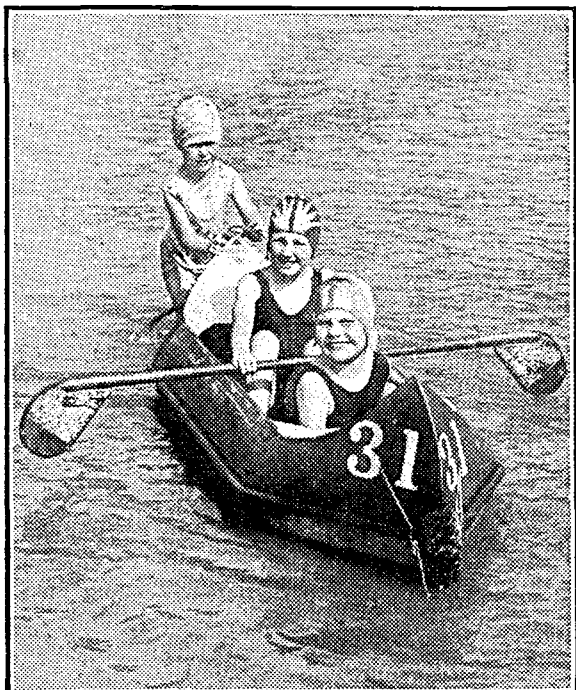
**Jolly Scottish Scouts at the Jamboree**



**How a Scout makes light of his luggage**



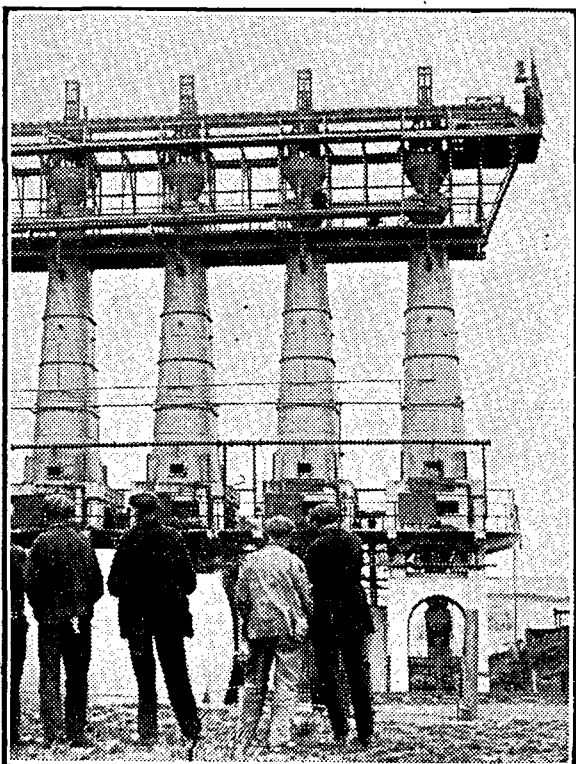
**Horses Go Paddling**—Carthorses that have been at work in the hot streets of London are shown in this picture enjoying a splash in the Thames not far from the Houses of Parliament.



**Paddling Their Own Canoe**—Heat waves and droughts held no terrors for these children who were fortunate enough to be paddling their canoe in appropriate attire at Margate.



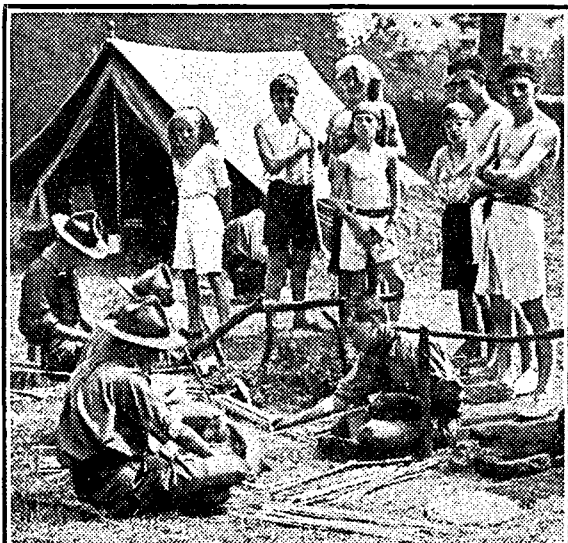
**Health and Happiness**—Here is a charming scene in the garden of a London house where children from day nurseries are given the full benefit of the sunshine.



**Oil From Coal**—This picture shows some of the retorts at the great coal distillation works just opened at Glenboig, where oil and various by-products are extracted.



**South African Scouts hear the bugle at dinner-time**



**Watching Japanese Scouts Prepare their Camp Fire**

The great Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, is now in full swing. Here we show a few of the fifty thousand boys who are celebrating the twenty-first birthday of the movement.



**Selling Water**—The drought has caused a serious shortage of water in some parts of the country. Here we see it being sold at a farthing a bucket from a pond in Essex.



## FOOD AND WORK FOR ALL BRITISH EMPIRE'S FIELDS AND FLOCKS

### The Island Grows More Produce Than A Continent EMPIRE ANIMAL CENSUS

*Great Britain raises more agricultural produce than Australia.*

This was one of the facts with which Sir Robert Greig astonished his hearers at the South African meeting of the British Association, and he did nothing to soften the blow for South Africans by adding that the Mother Country's produce was worth four times as much as that of South Africa.

At the same time he was chiefly trying to show what a tremendous thing agriculture is to the Empire. In South Africa, Australia, Canada, and even in Great Britain, what agriculture produces is more valuable than the mineral production. In each of these countries or Dominions the wheat and turnips and potatoes, the sheep and the cows, are worth more than the coal and the iron and the gold.

#### A Vast Wealth

But what a vast wealth of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs the British Empire possesses! It is a little weak in pigs, possessing only 11,000,000, or about five per cent of the whole number. America is the place for pigs. There is a hog for every man, woman, and child living in the United States, and then some left over.

But of cattle the Empire has nearly half the number in the whole world, 245,000,000 out of 560,000,000, and it has the same number of sheep. Of horses it has one-tenth of the world's numbers.

This is only a fraction of what the Empire could produce. The grasslands now support 500 million animals. If all these animals were suited by their surroundings, if they had the best kind of grass and roots on which they could be fed, if they were free from disease, their numbers might be doubled or trebled. There might be as many valuable stock animals in the British Empire as there are people in the world.

#### What Science is Doing

Science is doing its best to raise the numbers. It is fighting animal diseases. It is considering the best kind of food for the animals, and giving them a "balanced ration" such as human beings require. It is improving the quality of the grass on which the cattle and sheep are fed.

It has improved the breeds of wheat, as in Marquis wheat, so as to increase by millions of acres the area over which wheat can be grown in Canada. It is improving the breed of sugar-cane. Best of all, science is spreading its information in the British Empire by information bureaux which will tell the farmers of the great Dominions and the Colonies all that has been learned and is being made known of soils and animal nutrition, health the breeding of plants and animals, fruit production, and concerning the parasites which attack animals and plants.

#### Labour and Machinery

It has been said that if all the fertilisers which are now being prepared from the nitrogen of the air were properly applied to the crops of Europe there would be twice as much food as the populations could consume.

At the same time new agricultural machinery is freeing the agricultural labourer from much of his old toil.

Whether these estimates of the amount which the farmers of the Empire can produce are too hopeful, or whether the world will ever have more food than it wants, the fact remains that the well-being of the British race is largely built on its agriculture.

## ON THE VERGE

### A Good Reason for a Beautiful Thing

#### THE GRASSY BORDER OF THE ROAD

Even hardened motorists, seeing in the arterial road nothing but the opportunity of speed, sometimes sigh for a pleasant border to its dark or shiny surface.

There is reason for the grassy border. It is, we are told by the manager of a gas and water company, the preservative of the road.

Underneath that hard and shiny surface of ferro-concrete road there may run gaspipes. Even if there are no gaspipes beneath it there are sure to be others near it, and every gaspipe leaks or may leak a little. But the gas which thus leaks can never escape upward through that armour of concrete. It is far more likely to collect in pockets there.

The first indication that it has so collected is a gas explosion, which heaves up the concrete road like an earthquake. Every square yard of arterial road is choking down the gas.

For this reason it is most necessary that grassy verges should be maintained on either side of the arterial and plated motor-roads. Not only are the verges beautiful. They are useful.

## STREET BIOGRAPHIES

### Behind the Times in Russia

Good ideas are not too common in Bolshevik Russia, and one that has just occurred to the Russian Government in connection with the naming of streets, if better than some, is not new.

They have named streets in Moscow and in the decaying city of Leningrad after famous or infamous revolutionaries.

Even in Bolshevik Russia the revolutionary hero of today is forgotten (or exiled, or worse) tomorrow, and the bewildered inhabitants do not really know who Comrade This or Comrade That was, or why a street is named after him. The Bolshevik Government is correcting this ignorance by putting up, under the name of the street, a short biography of the hero—what he did, whom he shot, or what cause he betrayed.

The idea is not new. London was there before them. On the front of Bush House, in the Strand, is the portrait in bronze of the man who started sweeping away the old slum that lay behind what was once Holywell Street.

In London we have seldom made the mistake of calling streets after the popular men of the day, well knowing that the heroes of today may be unknown to the children of tomorrow. By their deeds alone we know them and remember them.

There is a Smith Street here and there in London, but who was Smith?

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

It is proposed to open L.C.C. nursery schools at Columbia Market, Bethnal Green, and Mile End.

The manuscript of Home, Sweet Home is now in the library of Congress at Washington.

#### Cruelty Begins Again

The stag-hunting cruelties of Devon and Somerset begin again this month.

#### Huge Coal Reserve in Kent

It is believed that over a hundred million tons of coal lie in the area under one colliery in Kent.

#### Kew Free

Kew Gardens are to be free always, the penny admission having been abolished.

#### An Old Tree Goes

A 300-year-old tree in the Bois de Boulogne is to be cut down, having been injured by a motor-lorry collision.

## 10 YEARS AFTER THE WAR

### A MEETING IN THE ALPS

#### The Two Processions That Came Winding Round the Pass

#### BROTHERS AFTER ALL

A wonderful scene took place at the Pass of Montecroce on the Italo-Austrian Alpine frontier the other day.

Two processions came winding round the pass with bands playing and regimental colours gleaming in the sun. Austrian Chasseurs were marching to meet Italian Alpini, regiments who had fought against each other in the war. But it was clear that today they had not come to fight, for each procession had a coffin draped in flags, and behind the soldiers came men, women, and children in civilian clothes.

At last the two processions met at the frontier post. There they saluted each other, and the Italian soldiers played Austria's National Anthem. Then the Austrian soldiers played the Italian Anthem. Salvoes were fired into the still Alpine air, the buglers sounded the Last Post, and the coffins were exchanged. A priest gave his blessing, and the two processions marched away again, each to its own country.

#### Buried on the Battlefield

Here is the history of that strange meeting in the Alps. During the war Captain Mario Musso of the Italian Alpini fell fighting on Austrian soil and was buried where he fell. Lieutenant Fritz Weilhauer of the Austrian Guard was killed in Italy, and was also buried on the battlefield. Both had won medals which are the equivalent of our Victoria Cross, and they were heroes to their countrymen.

When the war was over and the hatreds had faded away the relatives of the two dead youths asked if their bodies might not rest in their native lands. The request was readily granted. The ex-enemy countries vied in honouring each other's dead. Priests, troops, mayors, and people accompanied the coffins from their wayside graves to church, and from church to the mountain pass where the heroes were exchanged and borne homeward.

Strangers shook hands at that Alpine meeting, looked into each other's eyes and thought "We are brothers after all. Why should those poor boys have died? We will not fight again."

And so the soldiers who died for their countrymen were able to serve those countrymen again even after death.

## THE FLYING DOCTORS

### The Aeroplane in Lonely Places

"I've sent for the doctor. He's only 200 miles away and he'll be here by six."

This is the sort of comforting thing which lonely settlers in the Northern Territory of Australia, who used to be among the most isolated in the world, can now say to a patient, or victim of an accident, thanks to the institution of flying doctors by the Australian Inland Mission of the Presbyterian Church.

Hitherto, in case after case, medical aid was unobtainable till it was too late, but now a doctor can be summoned from one of the central stations of the mission and, coming by aeroplane, can be on the spot in an hour or two.

The one doctor hitherto engaged in this service has in the first eight months travelled by air a distance of 14,000 miles, attending 190 cases; and the scheme is so successful that a second medical man is now being appointed.

Small transmitting and receiving wireless sets are being tested in Western Queensland by the mission's wireless expert, who is also teaching the farmers how to use them. A doctor may then be called from a distance of 500 miles.

## WHERE DOES OUR WEATHER BEGIN?

### A POLAR IDEA

#### Does the Sun or the Ice Hold the Great Secret?

#### SUN-SPOT MYSTERY

Some people grumble about the weather forecasts by our Meteorological authorities which are broadcast daily, yet they are on the average astonishingly accurate. We are now promised much more reliable predictions.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous Antarctic explorer, who is on his way back to the Far South, has been telling us that within ten years it will be possible to predict weather seven years in advance. He stipulates that every nation in the Northern Hemisphere should help with observation stations in the Far North to extend and complete the work which will be done at the same time in the Far South.

#### Information For Farmers

An analysis of all the knowledge thus gained will, he says, enable weather experts to make the necessary predictions, so that there will then be no more uncertainty as to the nature of the seasons, and wheat farmers would know in advance the type of weather they may expect.

The wonderful vindication of Alexander Buchan, the old gentleman who predicted our many cold periods, should make us hopeful of the realisation of Sir Hubert's hopes. Scott, Shackleton, and other tragic heroes of Polar exploration laid it down from personal experience that the weather of the world is made at the Poles.

Are Sir Hubert and his forerunners right in looking North and South to the frigid wilds for their book of weather prophecy, or will the predictions of Sir Norman Lockyer one day find verification? Lockyer, one of our greatest astronomers and probably our foremost authority on Sun-spots, declared his faith not long before his death.

#### The Study of Sun-Spots

He had given more than half a long life to the study of Sun-spots and had thousands of photographs from all parts of the world at his command. People may laugh at me, he said, for the years of study I have given to the subject, but if, as I hope will one day be the case, I am able to predict in advance years of high Nile and of low Nile in Egypt, and so to prepare for plenty and be forearmed against drought, I shall be justified and more than repaid.

But the explorers undoubtedly have it up till now, as one concrete example serves to show. The Antarctic men have discovered an astonishing thing in relation to the weather at South Orkney Islands, a sub-Antarctic group at the entrance to the Weddell Sea. A cold winter in that area is followed with practical certainty about three years later by a season of drought over the great area of Argentina which grows cereals. A mild South Orkney winter foretells Argentine plenty three years after.

Which will eventually triumph as prophets—the spot-fretted Sun or the wind-lashed frozen Poles?

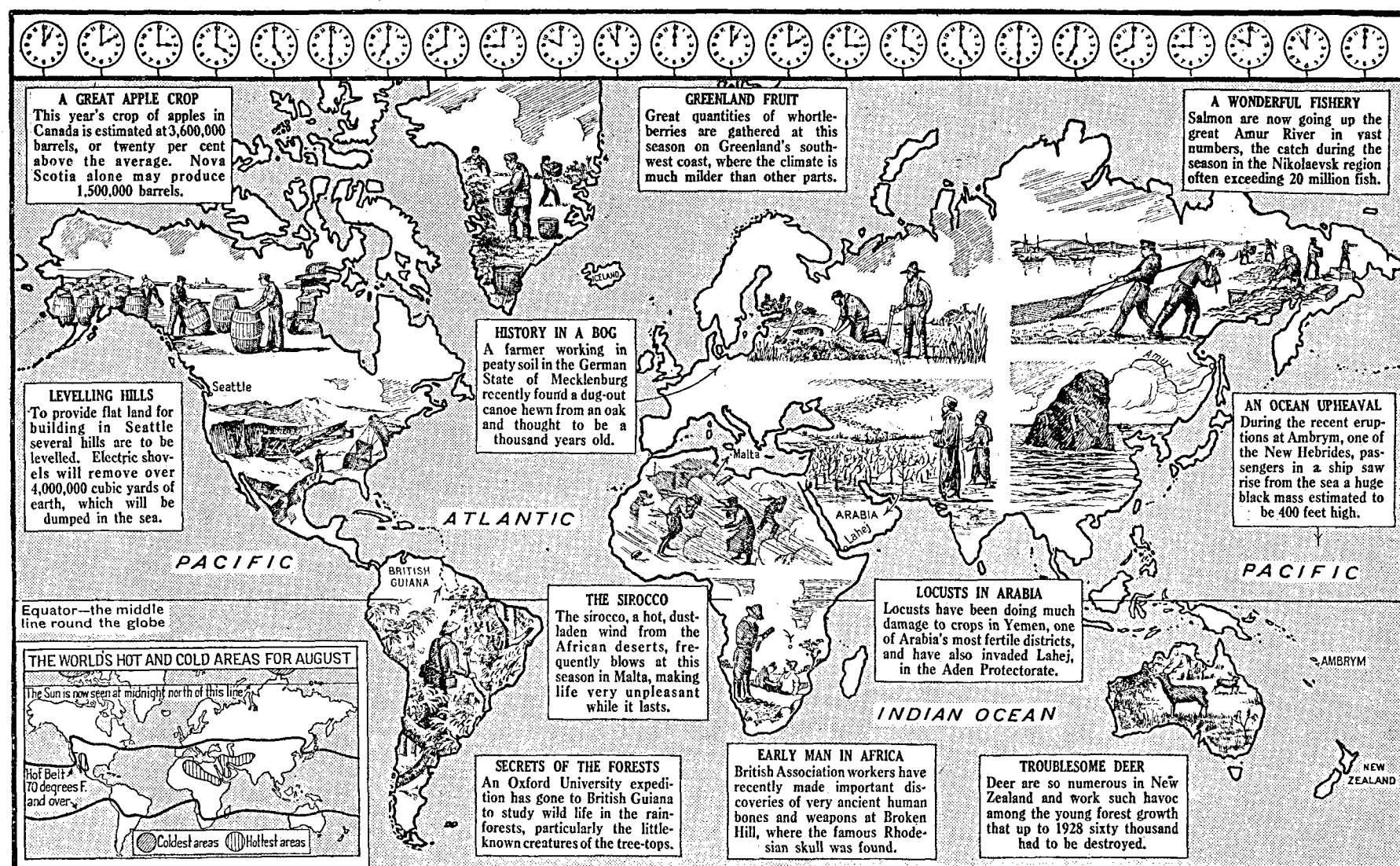
#### WHOSE ARE THE SKIES?

The other day Signor Mussolini reviewed a squadron of seaplanes and made a speech, in the course of which he asked "To whom do the skies belong?"

The crowd thundered back "To us!" Which shows how ignorant we are. If we had been asked the same question we should have replied *To Heaven*. Would Signor Mussolini have sent us to the bottom of the class?



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE BAD BOY'S FRIEND

### Mrs. Silkestone Has Gone

Many and many a man will be sorrowful when he reads that Mrs. Silkestone is dead.

"But for that woman," he will say, "I might be a tramp or a criminal."

Twenty-four years ago she and her husband went to a place called Carlton Reformatory. There bad boys were put into horrible uniforms, set to heavy work, given hard food, and treated with the utmost severity. That was the way to make them stop being bad, people said.

Mr. and Mrs. Silkestone decided, instead, to make the boys want to be good, which is a very different thing.

The reformatory became known as Carlton School, Bedfordshire. The boys were treated, not as convicts but as schoolboys. The place was run on the best school system and tradition. The diet was improved, the dormitories were improved, and a swimming-bath and library were provided.

When boys left, the school kept in touch with them for six years, and Mrs. Silkestone was keenest of all about this part of the work. She believed that most people begin to go wrong for lack of the right friend at the right moment, and she saw that none of her boys drifted into crime for lack of a job or from loneliness or ignorance.

Those who believed in plenty of rod shook their heads over such coddling, but Mr. and Mrs. Silkestone knew that 95 per cent of their bad boys turned out good men.

## A FREE RIDE IN FLEET STREET

Writing of odd experiences a correspondent tells us that he was allowed to ride free in the busy hours in Fleet Street the other morning because the bus conductor could not change sixpence!

## REST IN PEACE

### Farewell To An Island

Friar's Island, Killaloe, where eight centuries ago the pious monks of St. Lua's Oratory preached Christianity to the Irish, will soon be a memory that has sunk beneath many waters.

The waters are those of the Shannon, which will rise to cover it when the reservoirs for the new power scheme for distributing electricity about the countryside are filled.

Ireland could not see the old place go without a look, without a sigh, and without a prayer; so on a Saturday in July many people from Tipperary, Limerick, and County Clare gathered there to bid the island farewell and hear the priests celebrate Mass there for the last time.

Mass had not been said there since the Oratory fell to ruin all those centuries ago. The monks have gone, the voices which were heard at Matins or at Vespers are for ever silent, and now the island itself has followed them to rest.

## OVERCROWDING FIELDS

### Seeds On An Acre

Overcrowding is at its worst in the slums, but we are reminded by a paper at the British Association meetings that there is an overcrowding in the fields and pastures which in mere figures leaves it far behind. There are from 27 to 62 million weed seeds in many a wheatfield!

That is not counting poppies. The poppies that grow in a wheatfield at Rothamsted which has been handsomely treated with fertilisers rises to 250 millions an acre.

What Dr. Winifred Branchley and her colleagues at Rothamsted wanted to find out was how fertilisers affect the weeds. Some weeds flourish, others are indifferent to the fertiliser, and some are so discouraged by different combinations of manures that they will almost die out. Knot grass can be driven out by cultivation, but the poppy is a hard customer of which to rid the farmer's land.

## AT SCHOOL IN THE DAYS OF FRANCIS DRAKE

Lord Dawson, the King's doctor, has been distributing prizes at Giggleswick School, where the headmaster, Mr. R. N. Douglas, announced a bequest of £1000 for a leaving exhibition.

Lord Dawson spoke to the boys of school-life in the days of Elizabeth, and told them these queer things:

There was one great hall where classes were held. Chimneys were then a novelty; glass windows had just been introduced in the more pretentious buildings; floors were covered with hay without regard to sanitation, and insects abounded. The usual remedy for that pest was wormwood, which was prescribed as an antidote to fleas.

According to the annals of Yorkshire children's teeth were cleaned with strips of cloth. Tooth powder was not mentioned until the 16th century. The powder was made from the heads of mice, the heads being burned and ground up. It was found to be most efficient. In cases where the heads of assistant masters became bald the remedy usually applied was dead moles.

## THE FIGHTING INVALID

Some invalids give in. Some keep fighting.

One of the fighters is a lady who has joined the Committee of Dockland Settlement No. 2. Almost the main object of her life is to give slum lads and youths the gymnasium and club rooms that their muscles need and their hearts desire.

How many others lying on a sick bed trouble about the hale and hearty? They envy those sturdy ones, but she serves them.

In an appeal to other invalids to join in this work she says this brave and memorable thing: "I am convinced that it is always possible to adjust one's life in any circumstances and still remain a useful citizen."

She has said it and proved it.

## THE NOD OF THE GOD

### The Priest Who Pulled the String

When the worshippers of the dread gods of old Egypt came to consult the oracle at the temple great Isis or Osiris used to nod. The priests worked the oracle with a string.

That is the explanation offered by Dr. Blackman, the Egyptologist, in considering some of these practices of the Shiloh priesthood which the Israelites had brought with them after the Exodus from Egypt.

The Shiloh priesthood carried with them a movable shrine containing an image of their god. It was a sort of wooden chest with double doors in front. Through metal rings attached to either side of the shrine a pair of poles could be passed, and this ark or chest was carried by two priests.

When a question was asked of the image of the Egyptian god its dissent was expressed by remaining motionless; assent was signified by a nod. Either the head was movable and was worked with a string, or the whole shrine rocked violently on the shoulders of its bearers.

We must conclude that the inquiring minds of the pious worshippers were easily satisfied.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by F. Guardi	£3255
A William III loving-cup	£2571
Elizabethan silver cup	£1344
A Queen Anne chocolate pot	£1280
A Bernard Shaw manuscript	£1200
Portrait by Sir W. Beechey	£1050
Two Chippendale armchairs	£1040
Two letters by Burns	£880
Silver cake basket	£625
Garrick's 2nd Folio Shakespeare	£510
A Charles Lamb letter	£500
A Chippendale side-table	£410
A terra-cotta plaque	£336
A letter by Swift	£175
Pair of old silver cream jugs	£115



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 10 1929

## Masters

IT is said that the man who can do one thing gets on better in the world than the man who can do anything. It is better to be master of one trade than Jack of all. It is worth thinking about in these days when we must all earn our living.

Four men, says an Australian, once came to his home in the Southern Seas. They were immigrants wanting work. The first was a motor-man on electric cars, and the head of the tramway department gave him a post. The second was a brick-layer with good credentials; there was no difficulty in placing him. Number three was a bootmaker who could both make boots and sell them; he quickly got a post. The difficulty arose with the fourth man. "What is your line?" asked the man who tells the story, "Anything, sir, I'm a sort of handy man, ready for anything."

Fifteen firms were asked if they could employ the man, but no one wanted him.

Vague and general abilities are of little use in the world today. All businesses want men who know some work thoroughly, men who can do one thing well. The world wants men who are ready to be masters somewhere.

Some years ago a basket-maker from the East End of London was made Professor of Italian at Cambridge. He had never been to a public school, but at night classes, after his work was over, he became a master of Italian. By using his spare time, by concentrating on the one thing, Thomas Okey came to honourable distinction.

Never perhaps were there such opportunities as now for the man who is master somewhere. For him the world is open. Blunderers are not wanted, and there is not much of a future for a man who can do anything. The great thing is to choose our line and work at it with both hands, with concentration of mind and heart. The man who has some skill in which he excels need have little fear of not finding a place. The world is none too well supplied with his type.

And there are few greater joys than that which comes from having one thing we can do really well. Life seems to take on new meaning and dignity when we can master something.

Once the rudiments are well left behind and we are on our way to be a master there is joy in the going and the doing. To have some one thing we are thoroughly at home with, of which we can speak with knowledge, to be able to play our part effectively somewhere, affords us deep satisfaction. We are wise to be masters somewhere.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Still True

MR. BALDWIN has been reminding the Benchers of Gray's Inn what King Ptolemy wrote on the walls of his new library.

It is hundreds and hundreds of years since it was written, but the Benchers will find nothing wiser to put in their fine new library.

The old Egyptian simply put: *The nourishment of the soul.*

In ten thousand years men will not find a better thing to say about books.

## The Friendly People

AT your key points and places of historical interest there should be people instructed to make strangers feel at home, and they should be selected because God made them friendly people. The American Ambassador

## Queer Folk

WE have heard of some curious people this week.

1. An Anglo-Indian official who cannot retire with his family to Margate, as he meant to do, because the sight of the sea brings back the feeling of severe wretchedness that he used to have in India when walking on the shore and thinking of his separation from his wife and children.

2. A lady with strong Jacobite sympathies, coming of an old and distinguished Jacobite family, who got up and walked out of a lecture-room where Prince Charlie was called the Young Pretender.

3. A lady, very anxious to find a house, who discovered a beauty, but could not live near a new church because it has a corrugated iron roof. It has not occurred to her that she is rich enough to give it a tiled one.

The world is brimful of curious folk, but probably there is something rather peculiar about each one of us. We know we are rather queer.

## The Man in the Street

EMIL LUDWIG has published a book on the causes of the Great War called *Juli 14*, and in it he makes a remarkable statement.

In England alone there was a real, genuine, and honest attempt to stop the war, because in England alone was there open public discussion in Parliament.

The common people in other countries were not consulted. They were led into the war by blundering statesmen, "by means of falsified documents, by lies, by menaces, and by patriotic phrases."

It is usual to speak of the Man in the Street as a fool, and of statesmen as wise, but Ludwig says that the Man in the Street, who did not desire war, was wise, and the statesmen who committed him to war were fools. As the Man in the Street gains control so will the world gain Peace and Sense.

## Mary Lebone

WHEN a Paris newspaper declared that something of importance had occurred the other day in the Mary Lebone district of London it was not more than one or two centuries out, for Marylebone, which in Victorian days was often named Marybone, was earlier derived from the church that was sometimes called St. Mary le Bon, and earlier still St. Mary-at-the-Bourne, from the little river near which it stood.

So that the Parisian journalist is not far out. It is when he goes on to say that the church choir sang *Lead, Candy Light* that we must sympathise with him, for Cardinal Newman was not thinking of candles when he wrote that lovely hymn!

## Tip-Cat

PLUS FOURS are described as the most hideous of garments. Regular breeches of decorum.

FIFTY boys fishing for 90 minutes to win 12 prizes caught three fishes weighing nearly three ounces. We understand that all the other fishes were delighted.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If every day is Press Day at the laundry

ACCORDING to a judge, women have been unpunctual since Time began. And would have been before that, only there were no clocks.

THE Earth's crust is said to be 2000 miles thick. Oh, crumbs!

AN American says America owes a lot to Britain. They are afraid we might feel hurt if they started paying us back.

## Always

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of woman heard;  
But in the darkest, meanest things  
There alway, alway something sings.  
Emerson

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SKEGNESS donkeys are to rest on Sundays.

MR. S. COURTAULD has given £10,000 to the Playing Fields Association.

A MAN has left £25,000 to Bart's Hospital in memory of a friend killed in the war.

## Eve Consoled

By Our Country Girl

EDEN stood on Eastern soil,  
Jungle blossoms filled its bowers,  
Rainbow coloured wreath and coil,  
Not the simple English flowers,

MIGHTY bellflowers tall as Eve,  
Water lilies like a boat,  
Wonders such as poets weave,  
Colours like a parrot's throat.

FROM the rainbow flowers she went  
By the rainbow snake-beguiled,  
Weeping, comfortless, and spent;  
O, the years before she smiled!

TILL in pity Gabriel said:  
"Let her cease her weeping now!

Let her see the primrose spread  
Underneath the orchard bough."

EVE among the English flowers  
Cried aloud in sudden bliss:  
"Weep no more for Eden bowers  
For a fairer land is this!"

## Peter Tries Again

By the Editor's Secretary

THERE was great excitement in the C.N. office the other day. It was rumoured that Peter Puck had been made President of the Men's Dress Reform Movement. And then the truth came out.

There was a knock on the Editor's door and Peter Puck entered, wearing a new coat and waistcoat in every buttonhole of which was a bunch of pink, white, and purple cornflowers.

"You really must not hold your Flower Show in office hours," said the Editor (it being his Bad-tempered Monday).

Peter looked pained. "Sir," he said, "these flowers have been sent me by some very dear ladies. I have also many letters from them," and he unbuttoned the cornflowers and took from his pocket a bundle of letters tied with pink ribbon.

"I think I may say that I have become very popular with the ladies," he added, blushing and laughing self-consciously.

But the Editor had been through the letters. "When did you slip in that paragraph about pink and white cornflowers?" he demanded, "and who said there were no such things?" All at once Peter stopped looking pleased with himself.

"I am sorry you feel like that about it, Sir," he said, "for I wondered whether you would put this paragraph in the next C.N."

But when he saw the Editor's expression he slipped quietly out of the room, leaving a trail of cornflowers behind him, and the Editor threw into the wastepaper basket Peter Puck's latest contribution, which was a pathetic account of his vain search through the flower shops of London for a red rose!

Go to your rich friend's house when invited: to your poor friend's without invitation.



## TALES FROM THE BALKANS

### PEOPLE STILL IN THE DARK AGES

#### The Terrible Power of Custom Still Strong in Parts of Europe

#### HOW A FEUD ENDED

An English lady, Miss Edith Durham, was travelling through the Balkans and lodged one night in a certain house where she found a very miserable-looking boy of fifteen.

He sat silent, and seemed dazed, while the other folk did their humble best to make the English stranger welcome.

At last she asked about him.

#### Fine Future Ruined

"Poor boy!" they said. "He is a stranger from Scutari. He has killed a man, and has fled, and we have taken him in out of pity."

"But why did he kill the man?"

"Poor fellow, he had to do it. There was a blood feud between the families, and a man from his family had been killed last so he had to kill a man from the other family. It is very sad for him. He had been to school and could actually read and write, so he had a fine future in Scutari. But now he is an outcast and a beggar, flying from vengeance. The authorities will burn down his family home, for that is the punishment of killing a man."

"He should not have killed him."

"He did not want to do it. It was a painful duty. If you do not take blood for blood you lose your honour."

#### Women of No Importance

Miss Durham found that the house where she was staying was "in blood" with another house, and none of the men of the family dared go outside. The womenfolk alone could go about. (Women are not killed in a blood feud because they are of no importance.)

Up and down the Balkans she found the Blood Feud. Once, when she employed a guide to take her from one village to another, he led her to a house where they were received first with surprise and then with amusement. When she asked to have the joke explained the guide said he was "in blood" with the host, but the host could not shoot him while a stranger and a guest was there, for the laws of hospitality protect a guest from such affairs. Everyone thought it fun that a man should be safe in their midst whom they would shoot if they could tomorrow. They plied him with food, and all made merry!

#### The Desolate Places

In certain parts Miss Durham saw desolate places which had once been homesteads, fruit trees cut down, crops destroyed, beasts slaughtered, houses burned—all as a punishment for killing a man in a blood feud. Yet the feuds go on.

One Balkan family asked Miss Durham if the King of England would not come and put a stop to the system. "Why do you not put a stop to it yourselves?" she asked.

"It is our custom to take blood for blood," they replied helplessly.

In her absorbing book on the Tribal Customs of the Balkans, Miss Durham gives another story which illustrates this point of view.

One day she found a crowd of Montenegrins quarrelling over wood-cutting rights. Each year the wood became scarcer and they had to go farther for it.

She said: "That is because you cut down the trees and never plant any."

They replied: "God plants trees; men do not."

"Men do in England," she retorted.

"Englishmen are rich," they said; "we are poor."

## A LITTLE PATCH OF GROUND

THERE is a patch of ground in Frognal, Hampstead, not a quarter of a mile long, that has been very greatly loved by many discriminating people.

Within a stone's throw of one another are some old and lovely houses. In a pretty little red cottage right on the road which belonged to Sir Walter Besant there stayed for some time a distinguished man who had in charge the County Histories of England, which form and must form in the future the headquarters of information about our countryside. Mr. William Page has left the cottage now, but we know he still loves Frognal deeply, though he is so much concerned with other beloved bits of England.

That keen antiquary Mr. Walter Rye

lived almost opposite, the man who, when he died, left Norwich so much richer for the fruits of his labours. Walter Rye's artistic eye loved Frognal well. Opposite him, again, at a dear little old inn, lived Constance Hill, that authority on Jane Austen, often tripping over to see her friend the journalist Robertson Nicoll, whose great library looked down on the patch of Frognal, with a belfry rising against the sky.

All these people—historian, antiquary, author, journalist—loved and cherished the patch of fair ground where their lot was laid for years. For a long time Mr. Ramsay MacDonald lived on it, and we know that every old tree, every unspoiled gateway, is dear to him also.

## THE PRIDE OF B.-P.



A happy man must the Chief Scout be at the Jamboree, looking back on the 21 years of his building-up of the Scouts. The Scouts came into the world in the same year as the Children's Encyclopedia, the mother of the C.N., and we have shared the years together. We wish B.-P. many happy returns, and we still hope the day may come when a proud nation will set him on horseback on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square.

Continued from the previous column

"It costs nothing but a little trouble," she persisted. "Young trees are plentiful. Transplant them near the village, fence them from the goats, and give them a little water, and in twenty years there will be a fine wood."

"By Heaven, it is true!" shouted the men.

She suggested that each family should plant twenty trees, and the scheme was discussed eagerly for some time. But suddenly they said: "No, we cannot do it. It is not our custom."

Miss Durham warns us not to laugh at the Balkan people who say they want to end blood feuds and plant trees yet do neither. She reminds us that Europe says it wants to end war; yet it is making guns and battleships still.

Can we never break away from custom? Perhaps there is hope for us all in the story of a youth of Dushmani who set out one day to kill a lad from a family with whom his family was "in blood." This lad was due to cross the Drin at a certain time, and the slayer waited hidden by some trees on the further bank. Soon the victim arrived, and began to cross on a sort of raft, but the torrent was so swift that he was swept from his little craft, and would have drowned if his enemy had not thrown aside his gun and plunged to the rescue. At great risk to himself he saved the man he meant to kill, and the feud ceased.

Perhaps Europe, too, will throw aside its arms one day and our feuds will cease.

## A NEW SQUARE MILE FOR SOUTHAMPTON

### BIG WORK GOING ON Town Busily Preparing Itself as the World's Greatest Port

#### TWO YEARS TO FILL A BAY

At Southampton the Southern Railway is busy filling up a great bay in the Southampton Water two miles long and half a mile wide.

As Southampton is situated at the mouth of the River Test, which brings down a great deal of mud, the fulfilment of the new scheme will bring about a double advantage to the town. It will not only provide a square mile of land adjoining the existing docks, but will also make the outlet for the waters of the Test considerably narrower, thus increasing the speed of the water and preventing the deposit of so much mud. For the swifter the river the more solid matter it is able to hold in suspension, and the less mud it deposits.

#### The Fleet of Dredgers

If the average depth of the material to fill up the bay should be about 25 feet the total volume of material required will be about 15 million cubic yards.

A great quantity of this is being obtained by the fleet of dredgers engaged in deepening the main channel. Two types of dredger are in use, the ordinary bucket type and the suction dredger. In a suction dredger an enormous metal propeller drives the liquid mud on the river-bed up a large pipe to the surface, where the water is drained off and the mud deposited in a barge. Altogether the dredgers raise 20,000 tons of earth a day from the bed of the River Test. Another 1000 tons a day are excavated from the works on land, while 700 tons of chalk are brought daily from the Hampshire Downs at Micheldever.

They are well away with the work now, and hope to complete the filling-in in about two years.

Not only will docks have to be built along the new sea front, but there will also be a new suburb added to the town. This necessitates the laying of sewers, water-mains, gaspipes, drains, and so on, and for this purpose another firm has a contract for the manufacture of over two miles of rock cement pipes of seven feet inside diameter.

#### The Shore-Side Works

These enormous pipes are being made in short sections close at hand, so that it will be comparatively easy to place them in position and cement them together as soon as they are required.

In the manufacture of huge monoliths and other shore-side works 1000 tons of concrete, involving the use of 120 tons of Portland cement, are handled each day. Altogether about 1000 men are employed on the works.

Southampton itself stands to benefit considerably from this reclamation of land. As it is, possessing the largest floating dock in the world, and being the nearest and most convenient port to London for Atlantic passengers, it harbours the world's largest liners; and if the three new 1000-foot liners which the Cunard and White Star companies are talking of should materialise Southampton may one day find itself holding the position of the world's largest seaport.

#### A DEAR OLD LADY

Lady Noble, the oldest lady in Bath, has died there in her 102nd year. Forty years ago she was on a ship which struck an iceberg in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and went down with a loss of 37 lives.

In answer to many friendly letters on her 101st birthday Lady Noble wrote these lines:

*The gifts and graces of the mind,  
Attributed by friends so kind,  
In me, alas! I fail to find;  
But thank you all, sweet souls so blind;*



## THE DREAMER WITH THE TENNIS RACKET

### FROM TAVISTOCK SQUARE TO NEW YORK

#### The Beginning of a Theatre Guild With 50,000 Members BUILDING UP AN AUDIENCE

About 17 years ago a lad of 17 was playing tennis on a summer afternoon in Tavistock Square. It was Saturday, and all the week he had been working hard in the City. So he had a right to his dreams.

I remember chatting with him (writes a friend of the C.N.) and his telling me that he was a junior clerk employed in a business office.

"But I'm going to be a patent agent," he said. "In five years from now, or perhaps a little more, I shall make a fortune as a patent agent, and then I am going to realise my great ambition. I'm going to write plays. And I'm going to produce plays that the world will want to see."

#### A Promise That Was Kept

Then he went on with his tennis. I reminded him of this game the other day as we talked in his flat in Mayfair. He comes over every year from New York to London to supervise some great production, but also for a more important purpose—to see his people here.

The young man's name is Lawrence Langner, and he is one of the chief figures in the Theatre Guild of New York.

Lawrence Langner kept his promise. He entered a firm of patent agents in London, and then went over to New York to seek his fortune just before the war. In 1918, at the age of 24, he was already at the top of his profession, one of the most difficult in the world. Not only so, but he had made himself a personality in the cultured life of the United States, and he had grown rich.

He felt now, therefore, that it was time to realise his second ambition, to organise a theatre which could produce plays of artistic merit irrespective of their chances of making money. He saw that the way to do this was to build up an audience which would demand such plays and support them in advance, so he discussed the matter with some friends, actors and critics and others.

#### A Wise Young Man

He could have had all the money he wanted to launch his scheme. But, being a wise young man, he knew that those things are best which work their own way forward, as he himself had done. So he would only take for capital the few pounds necessary to send round the news of his scheme, and to get a few hundred supporters to begin with.

Today the Theatre Guild of New York has 50,000 members, whose subscriptions make it possible to ensure a run of six weeks for plays of their own choosing.

The Guild's plays do not always succeed; but the points of success and failure are debated brilliantly in public after each production. The Guild has built a theatre of its own, and leases others. It has a dramatic school which is training the finest actors in America.

It is one of the biggest forces of the stage world of America, and the germ of it came from the brain of a slim young lad dreaming dreams on a Saturday afternoon in Tavistock Square, with a tennis racket in his hand.

#### THE BLACKSMITH'S GUESTS

The village blacksmith at Hadleigh, in Essex, is entertaining strange guests. A hedgehog is bringing up its family under the anvil in his smithy.

## THE HIDDEN CITIES OF THE MOUND

### Sir Flinders Petrie's Remarkable Discoveries in Palestine

To the south of Palestine, about eighteen miles from the market town of Gaza, where Samson so long ago defied the Philistines, is a deserted mound, known among the Bedouins as Tell Fara.

Walking along a deserted war trench on the top of the mound two British excavators found potsherds of the Roman period, sure evidence of a forgotten city. Last year the British School of Archaeology expedition reached the site, and under Sir Flinders Petrie the work of excavation is now going on. The result of last season's work has been shown at University College, London.

#### Interesting War Souvenirs

First of all the war trenches with top soil and sand were dug away. The excavators here came across many interesting war souvenirs, such as knives, forks and spoons, grenades, bullets, a horse's bit, a spur, old magazines, and a "thumbs-up" mascot. Underneath the trenches was a Roman city, and the work of the first fortnight revealed a Roman fort of Vespasian. Built on the north end of the mound this fort commanded a fine view in all directions. Vespasian's fort was built of stone and was well planned, and had thick walls.

During the past winter the writer was privileged to spend some time at Tell Fara with Sir Flinders Petrie, who for nearly half a century has been bringing to light for us the hidden story of the past. Underneath the Roman fort has been found a Greek settlement, the earliest occupation being about 600 B.C. Next in order of antiquity there is nothing very definite by which we could reconstruct the history of the Tell until the time of Shishak, 930 B.C. It was he who constructed the great wall of sun-dried mud-bricks which has been recently unearthed.

#### What the Spies of Moses Saw

Another town underlay Shishak's buildings, but this was not of great importance. Then the expedition uncovered the city of the Ramesside occupation. From 1580 to 1200 B.C. the Egyptians held South Palestine and garrisoned the frontier towns. A fine residency stood high on the hill at Tell Fara, and thick walls on three sides protected the garrison from surprise attack. This was the type of town the spies of Moses saw on their first entry into the Promised Land. They brought back this discouraging report:

"We came unto the land whither thou sentest us and surely it floweth with milk and honey. Nevertheless, the people be strong that dwell in the land and the cities are walled and very great, and moreover we saw the children of Anak there."

So the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness for 40 years and the walled town continued to enjoy its prosperity.

#### Joshua's Campaign

As the Bedouin workers laid bare the ruins it was evident that at one time there had been a very serious fire. Perhaps in Joshua's successful campaign when he "smote cities from Kadesh-barnea even unto Gaza," he burned this city also to the ground. Sir Flinders Petrie found huge wooden roofing beams which had crashed into the store-rooms and lay where they fell. Here also was found one of the most interesting pieces of work, some very precious things which will require many months to restore to their original beauty—tiny fragments of ivory panels showing a dignitary seated on a throne. Before him are servants offering libations; also representations of beasts, birds, and fishes, and a bull of the Cretan type. Some panels have been shown at University College.

It was in the earliest times of all in the history of the Tell that the most elaborate defences were planned. The Shepherd Kings were driven from Egypt by Aahmes. They sought refuge in South Palestine and protected themselves from the pursuing Egyptians by building huge earthworks. When cutting a section to the west of Tell Fara to find the depth of windswept sand deposit it was found to be deeper than all expectations. Steps had to be cut in the sides of the trench to prevent the walls from falling in. Finally, at a depth of thirty feet, the lintel of a door was discovered.

#### An Abandoned Tomb

It was perhaps one of the greatest surprises of the season, and proved to be the entrance to an unfinished tomb which had been abandoned as it cut into an earlier family vault. This, in its turn, had been cut in the steeply sloping glaciis of the Hyksos period, and was so steep that it was almost impossible to walk up it. At the bottom was a narrow gulley with sides so steep that had anybody fallen in they would not have been able to extricate themselves.

Sir Flinders Petrie is of the opinion that Tell Fara may be identified with Beth-palet of the Bible.

Here in South Palestine time does not change the mode of existence of the nomads, and in living among these people one can reconstruct Bible history. As the work of excavation goes on the Book of Genesis will live again, the conflicts of Joshua and the triumphs of Solomon and David will become real.

#### Vindicating the Bible

Deeper and deeper continues the digging in the mound, and the hidden cities of the past under the wise guidance of Sir Flinders Petrie are being brought to light again. Who knows what may be the outcome of next season's work?

Much remains to be done at Beth-palet and other sites. The British School of Egyptian Archaeology owes the success of last season's work to public support, and relies for the future on those who will assist in the vindication of the Bible tradition. *Pictures on page 9*

## THE TALE OF THE GUIDES

### A Bigger Army Than the Scouts

While we are all thinking of Boy Scouts some of our thoughts may be spared for the Girl Guides.

Girls started Scouting as soon as boys, and at the first Scout rally, held in 1909 at the Crystal Palace when the Scouts were a year old, a small body of girls paraded. They wore broad-brimmed hats, neckerchiefs over light blouses, and dark skirts. Their handbook was *Scouting for Boys*!

Most people then thought Scouting unwomanly, and so, in 1910, Baden-Powell suggested that the Girl Scouts should call themselves Girl Guides, and should concentrate on nursing, cooking, and needlework.

Poor girls! The jolly games their brothers played were denied them, and yet their parents still frowned on Guiding, suspecting that it was really a tomboyish and rather useless game.

So the Guide movement lagged behind the Scout movement in popularity until a lucky thing happened. In 1912 the Chief Scout married a lady who seemed born to complete his great work for youth. She could see better than a man what was the matter with the Guides. She threw herself into the movement heart and soul, and the Guides became a complete success, so that in Great Britain now they actually outnumber the Scouts.

## FEEDING LIZZIE

### NO LITTER LOUTS AMONG THE SCOUTS

#### The Great Scattering of the Rubbish at the Jamboree

#### BIRKENHEAD CAMP LEFT CLEAN

*Who is Lizzie, what is she*

*That all the Scouts commend her?*

No Scout is a Litter Lout, and that is why in every Scout's camp Elizabeth, more affectionately known as Lizzie or Lizzie, is a very important institution.

Lizzie is no beauty, and there is no nonsense about her whatever. As for her appetite, it is enormous. No elephant at the Zoo ever devoured a paper bag with more gusto than Lizzie. All day long she is hard at work devouring every scrap of litter that comes her way so that the Scouts may leave their camp as clean and tidy as they found it.

Lizzie, of course, is the incinerator, and several Lizzies are now having the time of their lives at the great international Jamboree near Birkenhead. When fifty thousand Scouts have done with the Jamboree, Arrowe Park will be left as clean as they found it.

#### Nothing Left to Chance

"Come and help to feed Lizzie!" is the first thing said to a new arrival at the camp if he seems to be at a loose end, and soon two Scouts may be seen stumbling along full of purpose, carrying between them a dustbin of litter to stuff into Lizzie's jaws.

The litter of fifty thousand Scouts is too much for Lizzie to deal with efficiently, although she has several sister incinerators. She is hard at work, of course, but with so many people concentrated in a comparatively small area the litter problem is a serious one.

"Nothing, however, has been left to chance in the camp arrangements," a friend at the Scout Headquarters told the C.N. "Although we are burning much rubbish in Lizzie, as she is called, we have arranged with the Birkenhead Corporation to send dustcarts out to Arrowe Park and the other camps every day to remove litter. This will have already been collected in dustbins by the Rovers."

#### A Model of Tidiness

"Paper in the bin!" is the war cry shouted during the time the Providore is open for the Scouts to buy additional food, and a Scout who has the instincts of a Litter Lout soon grows a conscience as big as an archbishop's and becomes a model of tidiness.

Dustcarts or no dustcarts, Lizzie is very busy at the Jamboree. Many spectators see her every day industriously at work eating litter. Peter Puck, who is, of course, taking part in the great festival (he is very much there, we are told), has reported a dreadful rumour he has heard.

Town and county councillors and other worthy men among the spectators have been so much impressed by the good work Lizzie is doing that they are threatening to set her up in England's bluebell woods and other beauty spots to counteract the Litter Lout. British public, take warning, lest you be thrown into Lizzie's gaping jaws! Pack up your litter and take it home to your dustbins.

#### FREEZING THE FIRE

American fire brigades are experimenting with a new kind of fire extinguisher in the form of high-pressure cylinders containing carbon dioxide.

When the carbon dioxide is released it pours out a cloud of white flakes like snow which reduces the temperature of the air as it melts and absorbs the oxygen from the air, thus smothering the fire.

It is expected that this method of fire-fighting will be very valuable in combating oil, paint, and chemical fires where water is of little use.

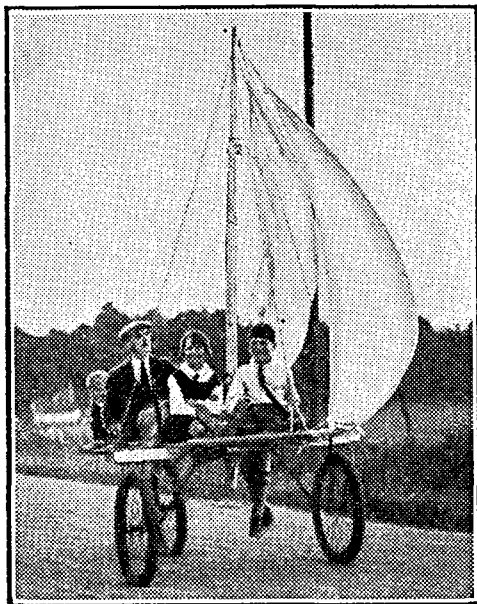


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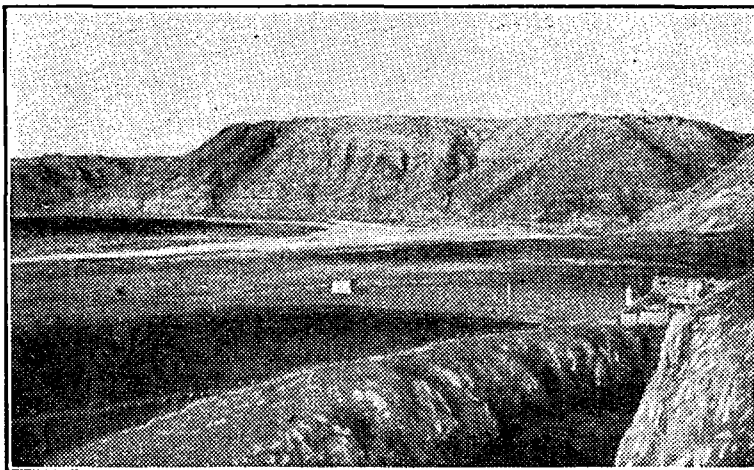
The Children's Newspaper

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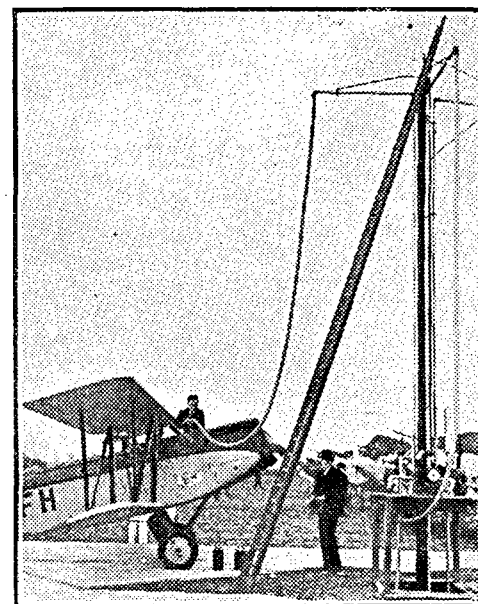
# YACHTING ON LAND · DIGGING UP THE PAST · AIRMAN'S AUNT SALLY



**Yachting on Land**—This curious vehicle, which depends on a favourable breeze, was seen sailing along a Sussex lane the other day.



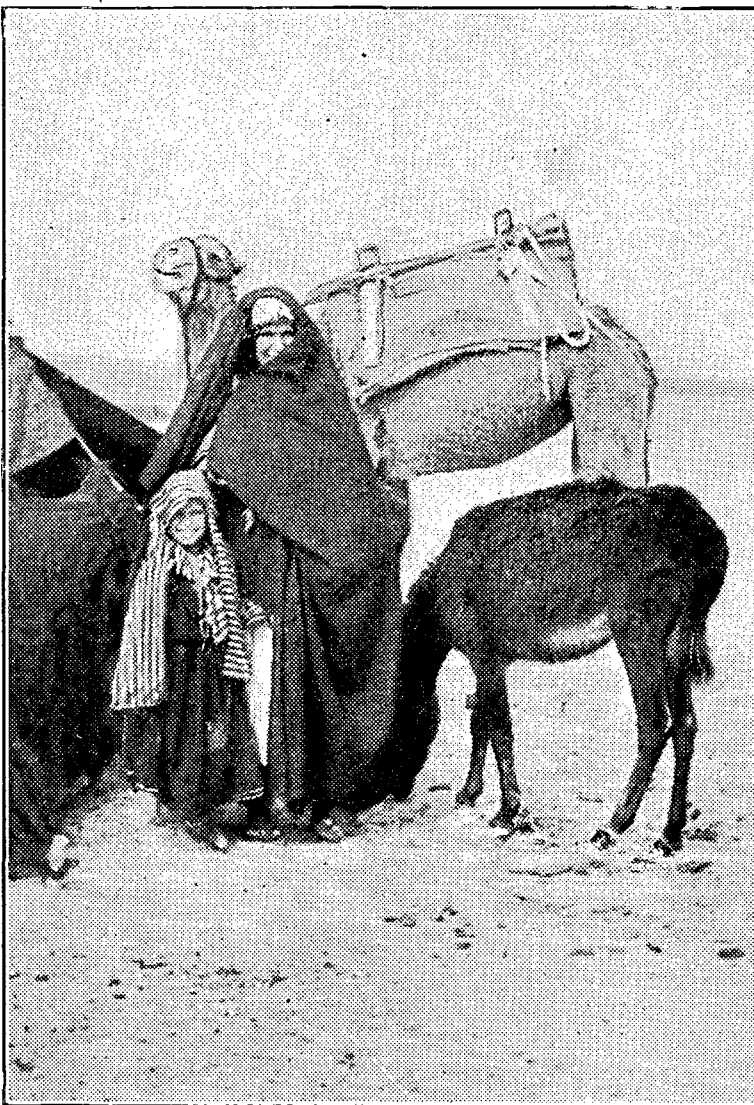
Tell Fara, the mound Sir Flinders Petrie has been excavating



**Airman's Aunt Sally**—At the new Heston Aerodrome in Middlesex for privately-owned machines aeroplanes obtain petrol from this tall pump.



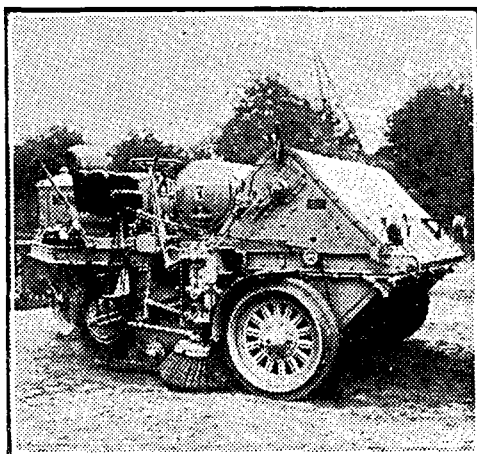
**A Big Armful**—The girl in this picture is making friends with some new arrivals in the deer enclosure at a zoo at San Diego, California.



Some of the helpers at Tell Fara



**Schoolgirl Artist**—Peggy Somerville, the eleven-year-old daughter of an artist, is seen hanging her own pictures at an exhibition she held in London.



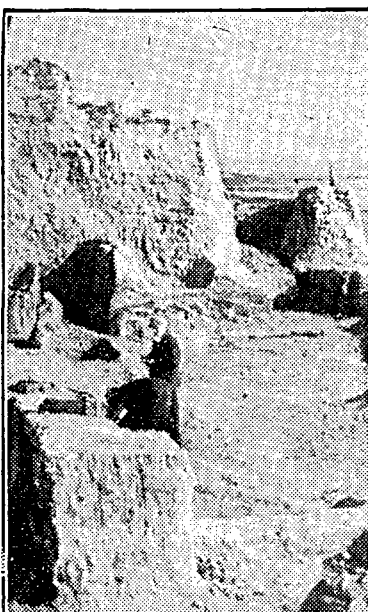
**A New Road-Sweeper**—This is not a tank, but a new machine for sweeping the streets of Berlin. The rubbish is automatically collected in the bin.



**Horse-Power**—These three horses were keenly interested in the seven horse-power car in which their little friend visited them at Thames Ditton.



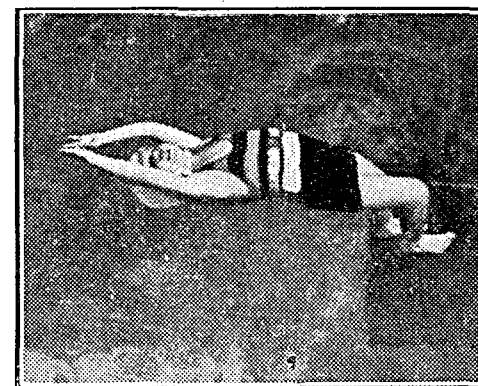
**A Quiet Talk**—These two chimpanzees at the London Zoo seem to be discussing the heat wave as they sit in the shade of the new parasols that have been thoughtfully provided for them.



Sir Flinders Petrie at work on the mound



We tell on page 8 the wonderful story of the mound in Palestine where Sir Flinders Petrie has been excavating. These are pictures of Tell Fara, the scene of the diggings, which have proved to be of very great interest to all Bible students.



**Baby Diver**—Paul Cleary, a little American boy of two years and seven months, is a wonderful diver. Here he is seen diving backwards into a swimming-pool near Philadelphia.



# THE KING WHO WAS BEFORE HIS TIME

AMANULLAH has arrived in Italy from far-away Afghanistan.

With him are his queen and their seven children, and they hope to settle down in Europe. "I am not a rich man now," said Amanullah on arriving at Marseilles on his way to Rome; "but I have enough money to keep me while I look round for some congenial form of work. I do not mean to be idle."

What a story it is that Afghanistan has put into history! Let us look at it.

Once a king went out from his mountain fastnesses to see the world. He was king of about eight millions of people of mixed races who live in a little country called Afghanistan. Its history as a modern State extends over only about 180 years. During that time it had had wars innumerable and thrown human lives about like sand; but now it was at peace.

## What Amanullah Wanted

Amanullah loved his country with an overwhelming love. He saw its weaknesses, its strength. He wanted to lift it up and set it among the enlightened countries of the world. He wanted to see great caravans of trade rolling through the Khyber Pass free of toll. He wanted Herat to be Afghanistan's key to the world instead of the world's key to India, as it used to be called. He wanted railways, good roads, drains, telephones, wireless. He wanted well-planned and well-built and well-ordered towns, and these had never been in Afghanistan, chiefly because the Afghans proper are essentially hill people and think towns were built for traders.

Amanullah wanted the women to stop wearing veils and be educated like the women in Western countries. And one day he went a-journeying across the great world, looking for the best everywhere, so that he might have it for his beloved country.

## A Meeting With Kemal Pasha

Eighteen months ago he sailed for Europe with his beautiful wife Souriya. The very morning the vessel put to sea the queen and her ladies left off their veils and walked about the boat like anyone else, except that Souriya was more handsome and more regal. This man of so many dreams and ideals; and such ardour, went about Europe watching and noting, his heart aching with desire to see Afghanistan ennobled as it seemed to him Western countries were.

On his way back he stopped to have an interview with Kemal Pasha at

Angora. He saw no reason why he should not bring about the reforms and changes that the Pasha had, and as quickly. He did not stop to think that the Turks are a disciplined people, accustomed to obey, and that they are not in slavery to their priests.

This dreamer of dreams then went home to Afghanistan and tried to bring about at once the reforms which, he thought, would make his country lift up her head. He forgot the warring races that constitute the State, the dissensions, the treachery. He forgot the power of the priests. The people took more or less kindly to his reforms. It never occurred



Amanullah and his family leaving the boat at Marseilles

to them to disobey. It seemed afterward that the enemies to reform were merely biding their time.

When the royal edict went forth that the women of Afghanistan were to discard their veils and be educated the storm burst. The priests rose in revolt. They were hidebound in custom, blind, bitter. They were already infuriated at the imposed changes, and they found that the reforms in Afghanistan meant that certain funds which generally went their way were to be diverted to the public good. The priests stirred the country to an easy revolt, and found that there were plenty to help them.

The next thing the friends of Amanullah, watching and listening earnestly across the water, heard was that there

was an insurrection in Afghanistan, and Amanullah had to flee from Kabul. The abolition of the veil cost Amanullah his throne. His brother Inayatullah held Kabul for a few precarious days, then had to give way to the usurper. Then bitter strife ran riot over the country; treachery and ignorance and hatred did their work. Amanullah strove hard, but he could not regain his throne. The priests have won. The usurper reigns in Amanullah's stead. The man of dreams could only say to himself: "Home no more home to me, whither shall I wander?"

It would be, perhaps, an explanation but no comfort to him to tell him that he suffered the fate which idealists, reformers, men who are in advance of their time have suffered all the world over. Galileo suffered more than Amanullah has suffered. The scholars of medieval Europe who were beginning some advancement of learning suffered in like manner from the priests of the Christian Church, and long and cruel was the strife. It had not so spectacular a figure-head, but it had the same cause.

## The Fateful Hour

Amanullah saw that his hour had come; he must be an exile. He looked round on the country he loved bursting out in its tumult of summer colours and blossom and shrub, flowers blazing in the stone courtyards of old Kabul where the usurper, who once had been a water-carrier, was reigning.

It was a country that would win any ruler's heart, he thought. He passed it all in review in the dark night of his sorrow. He saw the country houses more like castles than houses, with their courtyards, their flowers, and their fountains. He saw the great mountains rising tier on tier, washed with gold and pink light, the far line lost in the clouds some 20,000 feet above the sea where the vessel rocked that was to take the exile away.

## The Dark Ages Come Again

He saw the proud flowing rivers, the rich pastures in the deep valleys where wheat would soon be yellowing and the bearded barley hissing in the summer breeze. He saw the apples and plums ripening in the orchards that lay about the villages; he heard the shouting and healthy commotion of trade in the big towns. He saw the roads white with dust of caravans, the great trade roads that open out to India on one way and Turkestan another, the pack camels and ponies winding through the passes. And

all these sights and sounds drew his heart back to Kabul where the usurper was living in the palace of the Amirs of Afghanistan. The usurper cared nothing for the country. He only wanted power, the triumph of pride, to be called the king, to work his will. The country could never be his beloved child, as it was Amanullah's.

Yet Amanullah must go; he could not keep his throne by shedding his country's blood.

## The Hasty Flight

Amanullah knew what would happen on the morrow in Afghanistan. There would be an edict from the throne, European clothes would be banished from the market, women ordered to put on their veils again, which seemed to the ex-king a symbol of the Dark Ages. And the spirit of the Dark Ages would come again in the great highway that climbs through the Khyber Pass, the door into British India, where caravans would only be allowed to pass on paying toll to the tribes who guarded the Pass.

Countless money would be lost to the country in diminished trade through that. The usurper would tax everything he could to fill the royal coffers. The people would obey him.

Few people can ever have experienced the bitterness of heart, the overwhelming sorrow, of Amanullah and Souriya when they fled hastily, while they might, to avoid bloodshed and fighting. They came down to Bombay, where they had travelled so joyously on their way into the wide world eighteen months ago, and soon they were on the high seas. Some country would give them a home, they knew, and so they passed out of the world of the East.

## A Romantic Figure of History

Now Amanullah joins the ranks of those romantic figures of history: kings without thrones, princes of lost and hopeless causes. But with what a difference! Amanullah lost his crown for no fault save his virtues, unless it be a fault punishable by banishment to think you can reform a country overnight, as it were, or by a stroke of the pen. For one such headlong leader there are plenty to lag back, and count their steps, and lean on custom, and take the line of least resistance. The world is not likely to be troubled with too many men like Amanullah. He passes into the ranks of heroes of romance, the central figure of a noble story of What Might Have Been.

# A RATTLING TALE OF OLD SCRAP IRON

ONE day last year two men were talking about a new car that was being built. It was to be a special car, suitable for Australian conditions, and a special trial was necessary.

"Drive her across Europe and Asia and down to Singapore," said one, smilingly. "Then you'll know if she is any good for Australia."

"Will you do it?" said the other. Thus lightheartedly was the adventure undertaken. Mr. M. H. Ellis tells the whole story in his book *Express to Hindustan*, and a very delightful story it is.

Certain pictures stand out in one's memory after watching that car go over the shoulders and backbone of the world. Countless times it was hauled out of snow by bullocks; it shed everything a car could shed and still went on; it ran unsteadily through blinding rain, wheezing and coughing and stopping, when the nearest spare crown wheel was several hundred miles away at Beirut.

Old Scrap Iron the car was affectionately called by her victims. She went through some of the most historic passes and gates in the world, and Mr. Ellis gives striking descriptions of what he saw.

"The Cilician Pass (says he) is a place of great marches and great names. It is the only site in the world where you can be sure that for a while you are marching actually in the footprints of the great of history. Alexander of Macedon, Mithridates with his barbaric hordes, Sennacherib with his Cappadocian stallions, St. Paul on his donkey, the sweating, straining oxen and the thousands of slaves who grunted up the grades with the vast Egyptian needle which Theodosius hauled 2000 miles to set up in Byzantium (it stands there, unchipped, today); Cicero in his litter, the Crusaders in their armour, Haroun-al-Raschid of the Thousand Nights: it confined them all in a few feet of space and poured them out after miles of meandering along perilously slippery tracks through the gate itself . . .

"But the Cilician Pass is in the lap of the gods. For all that it has seen it is clean and untouched by the hand of man as when the Earth began. To-day the only wayfarers it holds, apart from the deer, the wolf, and the eagle, are bright coloured nomads on donkey or camel."

The men in the car went through some astounding adventures, as when

they got themselves imprisoned in Ismid and were taken to a "hotel." They had to have a bath in a pint pot, and became aware that the only towel in the hotel was in their room, and anyone who liked strolled in and took it.

Of another hotel they had merry things to say. It contained the only lift in Bulgaria. Woe betide (says Mr. Ellis) the unfortunate guest of the Hotel Imperial who forgets the existence of that lift! He may go without a hot bath for weeks; throw potatoes at the lady dancers; sing "Tipperary" on the stairs; but if he shows the slightest sign of walking up the stairs three large persons in gorgeous livery will leap upon him with shocked countenances: "Sir, the lift!" they murmur.

Mr. Ellis would be hard put to it to say which of the towns he liked the best in his long journey. The people seem to walk straight from the streets into his book, particularly from Aleppo with its acres of cool, stone-roofed passages where the traders live and bargain. When the Aleppans go out for an afternoon walk they take their pet sheep with them too. But they are not ordinary sheep.

"The Aleppan takes his pet lamb and

dyes its fat tail magenta and its ears green or paints a crimson band round its heart or gives it an orange muzzle, after which it is deemed fit to mingle (on the end of a lead) with the gay human medley in the streets."

Every afternoon you may see fifty inhabitants strolling with their muttuns.

## SHOES AND SNAKES

Fashions in London are leading to the increase of snakes in Bengal.

There is a great demand among Englishwomen for shoes made of lizard skin, and the most suitable lizard skin is obtained from a reptile found in Bengal.

This creature is being slaughtered on a wholesale scale to provide lizard leather for London, but its extermination, which seems within sight if the slaughter goes on, is a serious matter for Bengal. The particular lizard in demand feeds on young snakes and snakes' eggs, and is a great friend of man in keeping down the numbers of venomous snakes in the province.

The Government officials are making inquiries as to what can be done to stop the slaughter of this useful creature.



## BOMBARDMENT OF THE MOON

### A SHOWER OF METEORS

Why Life Would Be Difficult on the Earth's Satellite

### HOW WERE THE CRATERS MADE?

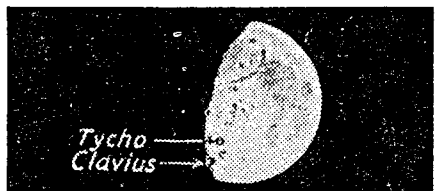
By the C.N. Astronomer

Next Wednesday the Moon will appear near Saturn, about twelve times her own diameter below and to the right of him. Being brighter than any of the stars in the vicinity he will be easily identified.

As the Moon will not be much in evidence toward midnight there is a possibility of seeing several of the Perseid meteors described in last week's C.N. Tomorrow (Sunday) night is likely to provide the best display. The meteors will appear rather low in the north-east sky before midnight, the Moon setting in the south-west soon after 11 o'clock.

The Moon happens to be intimately associated with and affected by the meteors, much more so than the Earth.

This is because she has no appreciable atmosphere to protect the Lunar surface from the intense peppering that it will be undergoing just now from these meteors, for the Moon has to pass



Where to look for some great Lunar craters with field-glasses

through this meteoric swarm just as the Earth does.

If we were on the Moon we should not see the streaks of light, the so-called shooting-stars, that we are familiar with on our world, only the terrible effect as, with a velocity 60 to 100 times greater than a shot from a rifle or cannon, they strike the Moon's surface. Looking for meteors would be no joy on the Moon: our efforts would be devoted to burrowing into deep dug-outs to escape from the frightful missiles.

This is one of the many reasons why human life would be very uncertain if not impossible on the Moon.

So seriously is this celestial bombardment regarded by astronomers that some advance it as a theory to account for the innumerable small craters that crowd some parts of the Moon's surface. It is, however, generally accepted that the great majority of the craters are of volcanic origin, though many of the physical features show clear evidence of meteoric action, in some cases on a very large scale.

#### Sunrise on the Moon

Some of the larger craters may be glimpsed quite easily with good field-glasses, provided that they are steadied by resting them against some support. For instance, on Wednesday the great Clavius should be seen at the edge of the Moon near the position shown in the picture. This resembles a great walled plain and is 142 miles across. Over 90 craters large and small are in this great enclosure.

Above this may be seen (on Tuesday night) the great crater of Tycho, which will then be near this edge of the Moon, called the terminator. This is the line dividing night from day, where the Sun is rising, so all the mountains, valleys, and craters are there shown in high relief by long dark shadows.

It is a very fascinating sight through a telescope to see them gradually change from hour to hour. First a mountain-top catches the Sun's rays; slowly the side is lit up, other mountains come into view on each side; they link up in a curve, which ultimately forms a circle of heights, and a crater like Tycho, 54 miles across, is revealed. G. F. M.

## HOSTESS AT DOWNING STREET

### A TALK WITH MISS MACDONALD

The Work She Does for London at the County Hall

### THE CHILDREN AND THE PARKS

When Queen Mary said that Ishbel MacDonald was "one of the nicest girls she had ever met" she was giving expression to the thoughts of many who have come in contact with the new hostess of Downing Street.

Miss Ishbel's wavy hair is not shingled. It is arranged in two coils behind the ears (telephones, as we like to call them) which set off her finely-shaped head to the best advantage. Her brown eyes, her fresh colour, and her pretty, soft voice must make an instant appeal to the children in her County Council constituency of South Poplar. She has a quiet dignity, delightful because so natural, and that quick sympathy which is so precious a quality in anyone.

#### Her Special Concern in Life

On the day of the opening of Parliament there were newspapers all over London by the early afternoon with front-page photographs of Miss Ishbel and her father, but by this time Ishbel had already changed into workaday clothes again, a black velvet jacket and bright-coloured dress, and was sitting on a committee at the County Hall.

Human beings, especially children, are her special concern in life.

"I like dogs and cats and pets, but I have no time for them," she explained to a C.N. friend who called on her while the Council was sitting. "My public work, attending Education and Parks Committees here on four days of the week, takes up a great deal of time. Then I am as much as possible in my constituency, going round schools, presenting prizes, and so on."

#### A Faithful Old Friend

"Fortunately, I am not tied by home duties; a very old friend takes these off my shoulders and leaves me free for the work I love, which is particularly the care of children. Our faithful old friend (who, by the way, is Dutch) has a horror of publicity, but she has looked after us all for eighteen years, and it is quite impossible to express our appreciation of all she has done for us."

A student who was at King's College at the same time as Ishbel once described her as "a pleasant, ruddy-faced, open-air, take-the-dogs-for-a-walk sort of country girl," and the remembrance of this led the C.N. representative to talk of recreations.

#### At the City of London School

"My recreations," said Miss Ishbel, "are walking and mountain-climbing, but there is so little time for them. I dance sometimes if there is dancing at a party, but I am not very keen on this. I also play a little golf."

"I was born and brought up in London," she went on. "For five years I was at the City of London School, and then I went to the North London Collegiate, under Miss Buss, the famous founder of secondary public schools. Always when I was at school I wished we had longer hours at school and no prep. to do when we got home, because it is far more difficult to work at home than at school; you are in the wrong atmosphere."

Education and Parks Committees and the reading of minutes and pamphlets may sound dull to outsiders, but they are of tremendous interest to Miss MacDonald.

"Perhaps the C.N. might like to point out," she said, "that our Parks Committees have to think of three kinds of people, children, athletic youth, and the people who want to sit about

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

#### When Was the First Balloon, Not a Toy, Made?

In 1783 by the brothers Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, who ascended and descended safely at Annonay, in France, on June 5.

#### How Much Does the Largest Elephant Weigh?

The largest elephant yet weighed was Jumbo, the African elephant formerly in the London Zoo, which stood eleven feet high at the withers and weighed six and a half tons.

#### What Makes Us Sneeze?

We sneeze because there is something in our nose, dust or pepper, or a stray hair, and a message is sent to the brain which in turn gives instructions for a violent breathing out to clear the air passage so that we can go on breathing properly.

#### Why Do We Wink?

When the front of the eye feels itself becoming too dry or a little dusty, it tells the brain, which sends a message to the eyelid to come down for a second bringing a tear with it to wash the eye. We wash the front of the eye every time we wink; it is a wise provision of Nature.

#### Why Will a Gust of Wind That Blows Up a Fire Blow Out a Candle?

The fire is blown up because the wind supplies more oxygen to help the combustion and the heat already there is sufficient not to be reduced below combustion point. In the case of the candle the wind carries away the heat needed to keep combustion going on.

#### What is Toc H?

An association that originated during the Great War of young men pledged to help one another and study social conditions. Toc H promotes clubs and hostels. The name is from the Expeditionary Force's telegraphic abbreviation of Talbot House, a Church institute named after a fallen officer, G. W. L. Talbot.

#### How Does Stainless Steel Differ From Ordinary Steel?

The various kinds of steel differ greatly in composition. Steel may contain from 0.03 per cent to 2 per cent of carbon, less than 0.2 of silicon, and small amounts of phosphorus, sulphur, and manganese. Stainless steel contains about 15 per cent of chromium, with a considerable amount of silicon.

#### How Far Away From the Earth Are the Sun, Moon, and Nearest Star?

Sun's mean distance 92,965,000 miles, greatest distance 94,524,000 miles, least 91,406,000 miles. Moon's mean distance 238,000 miles, greatest 252,970 miles, least 221,600 miles; nearest star Alpha Centauri, 4½ light-years, a light-year being 5,876,668,880 miles.

Continued from the previous column

quietly. Of course, these people sometimes like to watch games, so we put plenty of seats near the playing-fields, but we are also making for them Old English gardens, such as may now be found at Battersea, Peckham Rye, and at Kennington. Above all we are giving the children plenty of gymnasia and playgrounds, putting up swings, tennis-courts, and so on; and we are keeping open spaces so that they can play running-about games. We hope very much that the Parks Committee is running the parks in the way that the children would like them to be run."

Whoever knows what may be waiting round the next corner? Romance certainly was waiting round the corner of 1929 for Miss Mathieson of Lossiemouth, who has realised the dreams of many a secretary, for she has actually got to Downing Street. The daughter of a pupil teacher who taught long ago in the same school as the Prime Minister, she has been chosen by Ishbel to help her with the heavy correspondence at Number Ten.

Miss Mathieson is a slim, dark girl, and she was smiling all over when she came to fetch Ishbel after the committee meeting.

"Good-bye and good luck to you both in your work!" said the C.N. friend, leaving the smiling hostess of Downing Street and her smiling secretary.

## Builds-up ENERGY and ROBUST HEALTH

THE energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and more nourishment is essential for healthy growth than ordinary food contains.

Every food element necessary to make them sturdy and strong and to give them energy is contained in "Ovaltine" in accurately adjusted proportions. From no other source can be obtained the concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digested nourishment extracted from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Let them drink it with and between meals and before going to bed. Then note their increased energy and vitality. See on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health. Watch them as they grow up with sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.



Delicious  
**'OVALTINE'**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE  
Hot or Cold

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



# C.N. PICTURE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## An Entirely New Pastime For the Holidays



The initial letters of the names of the objects shown above form the words to be filled in the blank spaces in the design below

HERE is an entirely new kind of cross word puzzle which the Editor hopes will interest C.N. readers.

The main idea is the same as with other cross word puzzles, that is, that words may be read across and also down the puzzle, but pictures are given instead of the usual clues. It is necessary first to identify the picture in each square, and the initial letters of the names of the objects will form the words required to fill in the blank spaces in the smaller design.

In square number one, for instance, is a picture of a radiometer, in square number two is an eagle, and so on. So we know that the first two letters of the wanted word are RE. As an

additional help it may be mentioned that the word means deplored.

Pictures are always fascinating, and it is hoped that the joy of solving this puzzle will be its own reward. No prizes are offered for correct solutions.

It may be thought at first that this puzzle is too difficult, for many of the pictures can have more than one name; but as the puzzle develops and words begin to form other letters required will become obvious. Then, having found the initial letters of the objects, it will be easier to find the names in doubt.

A complete solution, including a list of all the objects illustrated, will be given in next week's C.N.

# HAIL, CAESAR!

## Mussolini's Colosseum

## THE GREAT COLUMN IN A NEW AMPHITHEATRE

Mussolini is setting up for himself in Rome a monument more enduring than brass. He does not mean to be forgotten.

The great Mussolini column carved out of the quarries of Carrara is to be the first memorial. A year ago the marble monolith was drawn from its age-old bed in the side of the mountain to begin the first stage of its journey to the little port of Carrara.

Sometimes, encased in its huge wooden frame, it slipped down a mountain stream; sometimes it was drawn by 100 oxen along mountain roads. At last its 380 tons were loaded on a giant raft, very carefully and slowly. Then, when this was safely done, a tug drew the precious burden down the Ligurian Sea to the mouth of the Tiber.

Up the waters of the storied Tiber it has been ferried in great state and received in Rome with suitable ceremony. This, however, is only the first part of its history.

### Promotion of Games

It is destined to adorn a great amphitheatre at the foot of Mount Mario, which is to be dedicated to the promotion of the games which, ever since the days of the Roman emperors, have been the delight of the Roman populace.

But the Colosseum Mussolini, as it is sure to be called, is not for gladiatorial display. It is to encourage the youth of Rome to play its own games there, and we shall do it no injustice in describing its intention as that of a Wembley, a Wimbledon, and a Stamford Bridge thrown into one.

There will be seats for 140,000 spectators, so that some will be idle, and a theatre is to be added to the attractions.

Mussolini is to be congratulated on the idea. The origin of the monolith, which is as tall as Cleopatra's Needle, might be forgotten. Londoners have had lately to be reminded that it was not Cleopatra who first set up the Needle they have named after her; but while games endure the Romans will probably give the credit to Mussolini for the great new sports arena.

## HOO-RAY MIXTURE

### Worth a Guinea a Dose

Most medicines are nasty, but there is not a boy or girl living in the poorest districts of London who does not like the Hoo-Ray mixture.

It is taken once a year in doses of a fortnight's fresh air and sunshine in the country or by the sea and for every gift of a golden guinea to the Shaftesbury Society some child is given a dose of this elixir of life.

The Shaftesbury Society's annual report shows that the world is steadily becoming a better place. Last year a little more help than usual was received by almost every branch of this society.

Doses of the Hoo-Ray mixture were given to more than ten thousand children, including cripples, and 52,000 boys and girls had a day in the country.

It is quite amazing to read of the 90,000 garments and pairs of boots supplied to those in need, and a vast amount of happiness must have been created by the 31,000 toys given away.

Over 9000 cripple children are now receiving help from the Shaftesbury Society, and the 500 spinal chairs out on free loan, one of the best items on last year's help list, must have brought change and variety to many children whose view of the world would otherwise have been bounded by the backyard.



# THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 13

### The Rope Trick

As they began to crawl down the bushed slope toward the sandy beach Clive's heart was beating so that he felt half suffocated. It was not fear, but rather sheer excitement.

The three got down the bank without making a sound, and found themselves on a broad beach of shingle and sand thrown up by past floods. It was difficult stuff to crawl over in silence, and Bleak went very slowly.

All of a sudden a large, warm drop splashed on the back of Clive's neck, and next moment it was raining heavily. Like magic the glow of the camp-fire dulled, then vanished, and left them without a landmark. Bleak pulled up.

"If this ain't the limit!" he muttered bitterly.

"But it hides us," Clive whispered back. "That ain't what I'm thinking of. It's going to wake those fellows."

"Then hadn't we better make a rush before they're up?" asked Clive.

"I guess it's the only thing we can do," Bleak answered. "Come on!"

He sprang to his feet and ran forward, and the boys followed. Their feet crunched on the gravel, but the beat of the rain drowned all other sounds. It was coming down like a spout. Clive and Bruce were close behind Bleak when suddenly Bleak stumbled and fell flat on his face with terrible force. Before Clive could pull up something caught his ankles, and he, too, went down heavily. Bruce, a step behind, fell right on top of him, knocking all the breath out of his body.

"Got 'em!" came a deep, hoarse voice in a tone of triumph; and before any of them knew what was happening three men were on them.

Clive fought and struggled desperately, but, winded as he was, was no match for the man who held him. He could not see his face, but a hand that felt hard as tanned leather caught him by the back of the neck and pushed his face against the ground.

"Lie still, will you?" growled the fellow. "All right, Crogan," he cried. "I've got my chap. Show a light."

A white beam flashed through the mist of driving raindrops, showing the three adventurers flat on the ground, each held by a separate man. Clive twisted his head round and saw that the one who knelt on Bleak was the giant, a huge fellow with a chest like a barrel and a heavy face covered with hair. On top of Bruce was a half-breed, a man whose skin was almost the colour of copper. He had dark eyes and long, coarse black hair. Clive's captor was a white man, short but stocky, with a snub nose and pale blue eyes. Clive saw something else, a rope stretched tightly a few inches above the ground.

"The third trap," he said under his breath. Crogan, the giant who knelt on Bleak, was the one who had the torch.

"Goin' to keep still?" he asked Bleak with a chuckle.

The question was needless, for, crushed under that great bulk, even the wiry Bleak was completely helpless.

"Caught you proper," went on Crogan gleefully. "Lamar there, he reckoned just what you'd do after your canoe was done for, and planned according. He've got brains, that half-breed has. So he fixed up that rope and it all worked out to plan."

"What you go do wiz zem?" asked Lamar.

"Fix 'em so they won't give us any more trouble," replied the big man. "We'll tie 'em up to start with. After that we'll have time to think."

As he spoke he took a piece of cord from his pocket and, sticking his torch into the sand close beside him, proceeded to tie Bleak's wrists firmly together. Then he made his ankles fast. The two boys were treated in similar fashion. By this time the sudden, sharp rainstorm had passed, the clouds were breaking, and the Moon shining through.

Leaving their prisoners lying helpless as logs, the three thieves went back and re-lighted their fire. When it had burned up they dragged their captives close to it and began to discuss what they should do. Crogan and the other white man, whose name was Kerry, had the idea of taking the prisoners with them and leaving them on an island in the big lake.

"They won't starve," said Crogan, "but they won't be able to get away till

the lake freezes up, and by that time we'll be far enough away."

Lamar listened in silence, but with a scornful look on his sallow face. At last he spoke.

"I do not see ze use of taking so much trouble. Ze canoe vill not 'old more zan four, and zat means two trips. I sink we leave zem right where zey are."

"They'll starve to death," objected Kerry, who seemed to be a bit more decent than the other two.

"Vat else do zey deserve?" snapped Lamar. "Zey 'ave give us a lot of trouble. Myself, I 'ave 'ad enough of trouble. I vill not paddle all zat vay for nossing."

Clive's heart sank as he listened. He realised that Lamar was the real leader of the party, and that what he said was their law. He was right, for at last Kerry said pettishly:

"Have it your own way, Lamar; only if trouble comes of it you'll take the blame."

A sarcastic smile crossed Lamar's thin lips. "I do not trouble about ze blame. Now let us sleep till ze day comes."

As he spoke he rolled himself in his blanket and lay down, and his companions followed his example. Soon snores announced that they were all three sleeping.

Clive managed to roll over close to Bleak.

"Can't we do anything?" he whispered.

"Not unless we can get loose," returned Bleak.

Bruce came rolling slowly toward them.

"I've been trying to get my hands loose," he said, in a low voice, "but that fellow has made too good a job of the lashings. What about you, Clive?"

"I'm in the same fix," said Clive ruefully. "I can move my feet a little, but my wrists are fast as iron."

"Then if they leave us here we're done for," said Bruce.

"No fear," said Clive stubbornly. "We'll find a sharp pebble or something to cut the cord with. We're bound to get out of this somehow."

In spite of his assumed cheerfulness, Clive found it terribly difficult to keep up his spirits. Soon the agonising pains of cramp began to shoot through his limbs. The minutes dragged like hours. It seemed as if weeks passed before the false dawn began to grey the night sky.

Even then it was another hour before the sleepers by the fire roused themselves.

Lamar was the first. He raked up the fire and put on the coffee pot; then roused the others. The prisoners, hungry, cold, and aching with cramp, had to watch the thieves eating breakfast. Of the three only one paid the slightest attention to the prisoners until they were ready to go. That was Kerry, who glanced at them uncomfortably, yet seemed afraid to do anything more. Clive noticed that as he walked to the canoe he limped slightly. Lamar turned to them.

"I say you good-bye," he remarked with an ugly grin. "I no sink you trouble us any more. You vas meat for ze wolves and ze ravens." Then he got into the canoe with the others, and they paddled rapidly away.

## CHAPTER 14

### Mystery in the Forest

"MEAT for the wolves," repeated Bleak, as he glared at the departing canoe. "Not if I knows it, Mister Lamar." He began to roll toward the fire, where red-hot embers still smouldered.

"What are you going to do?" asked Bruce sharply.

"Watch and see," was the answer as Bleak reached the fire and kicked the hot coals apart with his boots. Then, getting a large piece of burning wood between his feet, he set the cords upon it. Smoke rose and a smell of burning leather, but his boots protected his feet, and presently the cord fell away and they were free.

The boys watched him with intense interest. "What good is that?" asked Clive. "Your hands are still tied."

"I aim to get them free before long. You boys sit tight till I come back."

They watched him walk across the beach to the low bluff that backed it and go hunting along this for some distance. At last he seemed to find what he was looking for and turned his back to the bank.

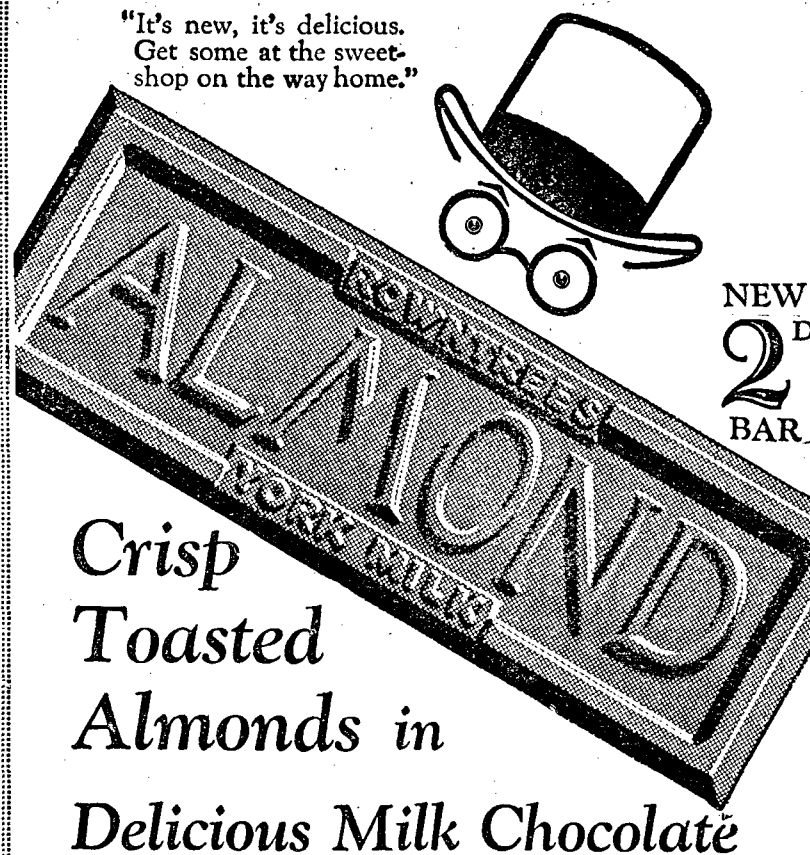
"What's he up to?" Bruce asked. "He's found a flint in the bank. He means to cut his wrists free," replied Clive.

They waited what seemed an endless time. Indeed it was nearly an hour before Bleak succeeded in slowly chafing

Continued on the next page

## ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

"It's new, it's delicious. Get some at the sweet-shop on the way home."



Crisp  
Toasted  
Almonds in  
Delicious Milk Chocolate



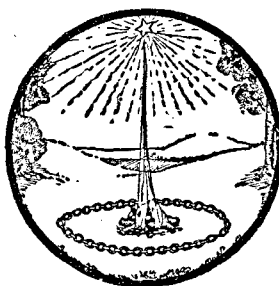
"Good! It's Mason's! And teetotal too!"

Prime Beer can be made at home at a cost of only 6d. per gallon from a 9d. bottle of

## Mason's Extract of Herbs

Buy a bottle to-day from your grocer, chemist or stores, or send 1/- in stamps for bottle enough to make 8 gallons.

NEWBALL AND MASON, LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM.



## The School-Days Circle

Here's something new for Schoolgirls! A club of their own—a club of good fellowship and comradeship that every girl should join. Full details of enrolment of "The School-Days Circle" are given in this week's SCHOOL-DAYS. Every member receives a coloured badge, and there are **SPLENDID PRIZES EVERY WEEK** for those members sending in the best jokes, stories, or other interesting features.

## SCHOOL-DAYS

Every Saturday 2d.

if it's  
**CREMONA**  
it's good!  
Toffee!

Have you tried Cremona Chocolate Toffee?

## CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON VALUE 3d.  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model 2/- extra.





through the cord that bound his wrists. As he came back to them they saw that his face was white and covered with perspiration, also that both his wrists were bleeding. But he only laughed at Clive's concern, and, taking a small knife from an inside pocket, quickly cut him and Bruce free. Both the boys were quite helpless, and it took a quarter of an hour of stretching and rubbing before they could get the cramp out of their limbs and walk. Clive was the first to get on his feet.

"Bleak, you're a wonder," he said. "If it hadn't been for you Bruce and I would certainly have been wolves' meat."

"If it hadn't been for me we should never have got into this mess," Bleak retorted. "Come along back and let's get to work. I ain't stopping off from this job until I get even with 'em!"

Clive gazed at him. "You mean you'll stay with us?" he exclaimed.

"I'll stay if I have to swim," returned Bleak grimly. "No one's ever tricked me like that and got away with it."

Clive laughed. "Then Lamar has done us a good turn after all," he said, as he walked up the bank toward the spot where they had left the raft.

The chilly job of getting back was soon over; then they lit a fire and thoroughly enjoyed a big breakfast. At least the boys did. Bleak, however, was very grim and silent, and the moment they had finished eating he got out his axe.

"I'll put on the patch first and sleep after. You boys take a nap. I'll wake you when I want you."

Worn out after twenty-four sleepless hours and their experiences of the night, the two boys slept like the dead. It seemed to Clive only a few minutes before Bleak was shaking him by the shoulder, yet when he opened his eyes he saw that the sun was past the meridian. Bleak's face was laggard with fatigue.

"I've got the patch fixed, but the glue'll have to dry, so we won't be able to start before tomorrow morning. I'm a-going to sleep now, and I was reckoning you and Bruce might go up in the woods and get some meat. There's deer tracks just above." Clive sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Right you are," he answered briskly. They had lost the rifle and pistol they had taken across the river, but they still

Continued in the last column

## JACKO A LITTLE TOO GOOD

WHEN Father Jacko gave himself a day's holiday and took Mother Jacko to see Aunt Matilda, who lived a long bus ride away, he locked up the house and told Jacko he could spend the day with his friend Chimp.

"Here's your lunch, dear," said his mother, handing him a large parcel.

"And here's sixpence for ginger-beer," said his father. "If I make it any more," he murmured, "he'll only be getting into mischief." And off they went. Of course they took the baby with them; and as Adolphus was playing for



He implored Jacko to take his money back and go

Monkeyville at a tennis tournament in another village Jacko found himself left to his own devices. "Now what shall I do?" he wondered.

He decided to consult Chimp. But Chimp, as luck would have it, had gone off with his mother for a charabanc ride.

The news was rather a blow. Jacko wandered off into a field to consider what could be done.

While he was considering he ate his lunch—merely to get rid of the parcel—and suddenly he heard a lot of laughing and banging on the other side of the hedge. He wriggled nearer and poked his head through. It was a coconut shy!

"Come and try your luck," called the man in charge, catching sight of him.

"I don't mind if I do," said Jacko; "I'm rather good at that game."

He certainly was—a bit too good! He got five coconuts for six balls!

The poor man was in a frightful way. He implored Jacko to take his money back and go away.

"No fear!" said Jacko. "I'll have another pennyworth."

"You won't!" declared the man. "Take your coconuts, you little wretch, and get out."

Jacko went, staggering under his load, as pleased as if he had come into a fortune.

had another rifle and a shot gun. Armed with these, the two boys went quietly into the woods. The deer trail led them up and up among wild hills, and suddenly Clive pulled up short and pointed to another set of marks which crossed the deer trail—great footprints a foot long and very broad.

"Bear!" he whispered.

Bruce's eyes widened. "The skin would be useful," he said. "Come on, Clive. Let's trail him."

The tracks led them into thicker forest than they had yet seen, great trees that ran up sixty feet without a branch, their tops matted in a thick canopy.

Quite suddenly the silence was shattered by an explosive snort, followed by a loud crashing among the trees in the distance. Both boys pulled up instinctively and stood listening. There followed a sort of whinnying scream, another crash, then a sound as if some heavy-creature were forcing its way furiously among saplings.

"The bear?" whispered Bruce.

Clive shook his head. "That wasn't a bear. Go carefully, Bruce, for whatever the beast is it's in a brutal bad temper."

Quickly but quietly they pushed on through the belt of timber, and came out into a stretch of birch wood which coated the sides of a blunt-headed hill. Suddenly Bruce pointed.

"It was the bear," he muttered. "There he is."

Clive drew a quick breath. It was the bear right enough, a monstrous, shaggy beast, making his ponderous way across the bare summit not much more than a hundred yards away.

Bruce raised the rifle, but Clive checked him. "You can't kill him at that distance, and anyhow we couldn't shoot him. The poor brute's lame."

"So he is!" exclaimed Bruce in surprise.

The big beast was limping along on three legs and moaning softly to himself. Clive looked at him for a moment, then at Bruce. "Bruce," he said, "that bear has been in a fight with some other beast."

Bruce's eyebrows rose. "What beast is there in these woods big enough or fierce enough to tackle a bear?"

Clive's lips tightened. "I don't know," he said quietly, "but I'm going to find out. Come on."

TO BE CONTINUED

## ROADS OF TOMORROW What Will They Be Made Of? WHERE THE CHEMIST COMES IN

When Professor Lea was telling the Engineers at the British Association in South Africa what science had done for industry he mentioned the road as a subject for scientific inquiry.

Is the future road to be steel, rubber, or cement? Perhaps the chemist may prove to be the best person to say.

Our friend Sir Henry Maybury will recall the day when the whole business of tarring roads began by an accidental upsetting of a barrel of tar in a road somewhere in Kent.

But roadmaking now is of such economic importance to the world that it cannot be left to that method of "trial and error" by which for centuries it has slowly advanced. What is wanted is exact knowledge from the chemist's laboratory which will enable the road-making engineer to conduct experiments, not in the laboratory, but on a large scale.

Such knowledge is, for example, that of the chemical properties of cements and of tars and bitumens. The chemist has already much to say about them, but the perfect concrete road has not yet been made.

Scientific research is never wasted. There are now steam-turbines of 200,000 horse-power at many places, whereas at the beginning of the 19th century all the engines in England, 10,000 in number, would not have given more horse-power than that.

That would not have become possible except for the generations of scientific research and experiment behind it. Refrigeration for food, the high-tension distribution of electric power, the internal combustion engine of motor-cars and aeroplanes, all would have been impossible except for the solid foundation of scientific knowledge which guided their inventors.

## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

Read by more whole families than  
any other Magazine in the world

The Only Magazine of Its Kind

The Monthly Companion of  
the Children's Newspaper

THIS wonderful magazine is a monthly treasury of  
captivating articles, photographs from every part  
of the world, and exquisite pictures.

Whatever your age it will delight you. Children love  
it and parents cannot lay the magazine aside without  
reading it from cover to cover, for it is unique in value  
and outlook. It deals with all the things that really  
matter in this world in a manner so simple that all can  
understand.

It is edited by Arthur Mee, Editor of the Children's  
Newspaper, and is the magazine which a Government  
Committee on Education declared to be excellent and  
beyond praise. Order a copy today.

## MY MAGAZINE

August issue now on sale

1s.

## AFRICA AND CIVILISATION

### The Challenge of Barbarism

Rome failed to conquer Africa for civilisation.

That was one of the striking sentences in Mr. Jan Hofmeyr's Presidential Address to the British Association, and he followed it by stating the reasons for the failure.

Arrayed against Rome was the might of African barbarism. A greater barrier than the barbarism was the defiant resistance of African nature.

The President had in mind the diseases of tropical Africa, the sleeping sickness, the malaria, the yellow fever. He quoted also the insect foes to cattle and the crops.

Today the white men of younger races than Rome are confronted by the same enemies. Against them also is the challenge of barbarism. Science and knowledge can bring barbarian Africa within the realm of civilisation. The study of African languages and the study of the mind of the African native are the most potent weapons.

Secondly (says Mr. Hofmeyr) science must and can make Africa safe for the white man to live in. The diseases of tropical Africa have already taken heavy toll of science, but science will win eventually.

De Lesseps attempted the construction of the Panama Canal and failed. For every cubic yard excavated a human life was sacrificed to malaria or yellow fever. It was the successful attack on the death-dealing mosquito some twenty years later that made the completion of the task possible.

The development of science in Africa, and of Africa by science—that is the Promised Land which beckons the scientists there.





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luscious milk  
chocolate? Creamy  
milk chocolate Croquettes—  
each dainty piece in its sep-  
arate wrapping. Kept fresh  
and clean and cool. Made  
by Nestlé's!—choc-full of  
goodness. Try the 6d. packet

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**MILK CHOCOLATE**  
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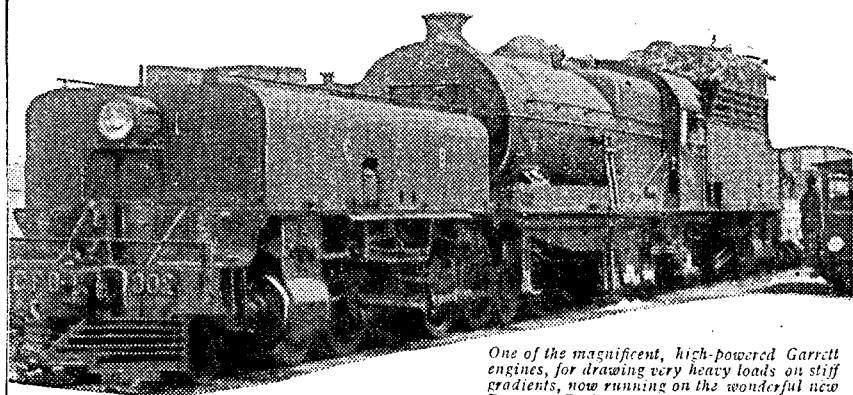


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to  
sing about!

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packets. More  
for your money."

**BIRD'S Custard**  
no change in quality  
*Good as ever!*

C3734



*One of the magnificent, high-powered Garrett engines, for drawing very heavy loads on stiff gradients, now running on the wonderful new Benguela Railway in the wilds of Africa.*

**By Railway**  
**to Darkest Africa**

British airmen have cleaved the skies where a very short time ago African natives had never seen a white man. Now British railway engines are travelling a new highway to Darkest Africa—and a Scotsman's great dream has come true! Every boy must read this fascinating article in this week's MODERN BOY, which tells the story of how Sir Robert Williams built this great railway that goes from Lobito Bay right across Angola to the Belgian Congo border.

**MODERN BOY**

*Buy a copy today 2d.*



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

August 10, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### What Am I?

MY first is in swim but not in float,  
My second is in jacket but not in coat,  
My third is in lad but not in boy,  
My fourth is in sad but not in joy,  
My fifth is in noon but not in day,  
My sixth is in work but not in play.  
If you would with me abide,  
You'll seek me in the countryside.

Answer next week

### Wild Flower of the Week

#### Carlina Thistle

THIS small thistle, found in dry, hilly pastures and fields, is named after Charlemagne. The legend says that when his army was once being devastated by pestilence an angel in answer to his prayers shot an arrow and told the emperor that where it fell would be found an antidote to the plague.



Charlemagne went to the spot and found growing there the carline thistle, which proved a sure cure. On the Continent of Europe the plant is often fixed on cottage doors to indicate by the condition of its leaves the state of the weather, just as seaweed is sometimes hung up in England.

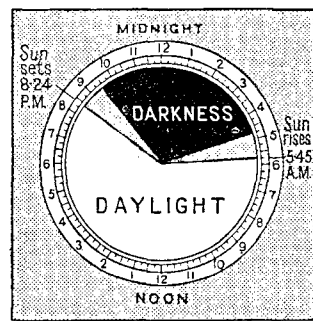
### A Word Pyramid

THE words indicated in the following clues, when placed one under the other, will form a pyramid, and the central letters will spell a word meaning dislike.

A vowel. A kind of poem. A way of cooking. Capable of being dissolved. A Spanish city.

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

### A Money Question

WHAT is the smallest sum of money that can be written down, employing all the figures from 1 to 9 inclusive?

Answer next week

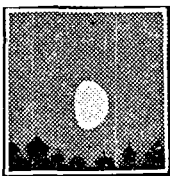
## WHO WAS HE?

IN the old days when crowns were fought for, and when it was not always quite clear who was the real heir to a throne, there were often men willing to pretend to be princes in the hope that they might succeed and be accepted as the real king.

One would think it was so impossible a thing to pretend to be a king that nobody would ever support such a barefaced attempt, yet some of the people who set up to be kings were helped by real kings, who must have known that the pretenders were shams and rogues. Why did they do it?

They did it to annoy other kings whom they disliked.

### Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East and Jupiter is in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on August 14.

### Reversals

THE first line in each of the couplets below is the definition of a word, and the second line in each case is the definition of that word reversed.

A carpenter its maker.  
The quarter of an acre.

To swarm or abound.  
Where huntsmen are found.

An exploit or action.  
A legal transaction.

Answers next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Le plateau Le vautour Le violon

On servira le café sur un plateau.  
Le vautour est un oiseau de proie.  
Je voudrais savoir jouer du violon.

### Jumbled Verse

IN setting up the following well-known verse of poetry the printer dropped the type and the letters of the words became mixed, without altering the order of the words. What was the verse?

Urend a paidnsegr tthchunes eert  
teh eilvagi hytnisi ssdtna;  
eth thmsi a tyhigm nma si eh  
twih gerla dan wensiy ndsha;  
adn het slecums fo shi ybwrna  
mras  
aer osntrg sa orin snbda.

Answer next week

### Hidden Flowers

EACH of the following clues indicates two words which together make the name of a well-known flower.

An evergreen plant and part of a horse.

A bird and the bottom of a mountain.

A wild creature and an article of dress.

A bird and a plant disliked by farmers.

A vehicle and a body of people.

A tribe of Israel, a Latin prefix, and a member of the cat family.

Pleasant to the taste and a conqueror.

A high flying bird and an instrument worn by horsemen.

Answer next week

### The Words We Speak and How They Came

**Explosion.** We all know what an explosion is—a going off with a loud noise as by the ignition of gunpowder or dynamite. But the word really means the driving from the stage by a noisy clapping of hands of an unpopular actor. It is made up of two Latin words *ex*, out, and *plando*, I clap. The word explosion used for a loud outburst of disapproval in a theatre was gradually applied to other loud noises suddenly arising until it attained its present meaning.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE songs of the yellowhammer, goldfinch, and greenfinch cease. Swallows and martins begin to congregate. Second broods of martins are fledged. The ringdove lays a second time. Barley is cut. The silver-spotted skipper butterfly appears. Soapwort and artichoke are in bloom.

### Hidden Birds

THE name of a well-known bird is hidden in each of the following sentences.

A low rent brings many tenants.  
Alec ran eight miles in two hours.

I heard the machinery throb in the engine-room.

Car, you see a gleam of light? - Saving is made easy by a low living cost.

Answer next week

### Australia's Air Stamp

WITH the opening of the Perth-Adelaide air route Australia has just issued its first regular air mail stamp. The value of the stamp is threepence, which represents the additional charge for



half an ounce on air-carried letters. It is coloured green, and depicts an aeroplane flying over Australian countryside. In the foreground is a group of merino sheep, flanked on each side by gum trees.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Find the Number. 301

An Acrostic	Step Words
dr A ma	I
fo R ge	IT
le M on	SIT
wh E el	LIST
fu N ny	STILE
kn I fe	TINSEL
pl A te	TENSILE
	SENTINEL

Reversals. Snap, Peep, Flow.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### The Would-Be Singer

A CONCEITED young man who was having singing lessons was continually worrying his tutor concerning his progress.

"Do you think I could use my voice in public now?" he asked one day.

"By all means," replied the tutor. "You can cheer as much as you like at a football match."

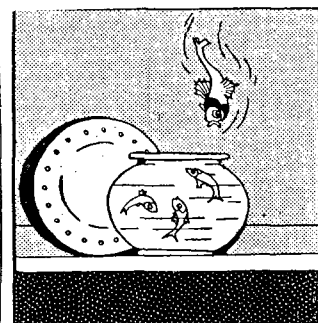
### It's a Hard World!

THE young artist was clever, but his sales were few.

"What would you like me to draw today, dear?" he asked his wife.

"Some money from the bank," was the reply.

### A Fish Out of Water



THIS very foolish little fish had always longed to roam, But when he got outside the bowl He found no place like home.

### No Room For Cats

A VISITOR on being shown to his room in a hotel remarked that it was not big enough to swing a cat in.

"Cats are in no circumstances allowed in this hotel, sir," was the reply.

### Generosity

A DEAR old lady had lost half-a-crown on the floor of a shop. The assistant helped her to search for it, but without avail.

"Never mind," said the old lady. "You know me, and if you find it you can let me have it; otherwise you may have it for yourself."

### Bright Boy

PETER was receiving lessons at home from Mother. To make a little sum interesting Mother put it this way:

"Now, Peter, let us take Uncle Jack's family. There are Uncle, Auntie, and baby John. How many does that make?"

Peter thought for a little while and then said: "Two, and one to carry."

## A YOUNG PRETENDER

some young person and say he was Richard Duke of York.

This was done, and a Flemish lad was chosen to impersonate the duke.

In Ireland there was always discontent against English kings; and the Scottish king was unfriendly to the reigning English king. So the sham prince was put forward. A sister of Edward the Fourth, and therefore an aunt of the duke, supported the claim.

He landed in England and in Ireland, but found no real support before he went to Scotland. Still, he persevered until many simple people began to believe his tale. Then he landed in Cornwall at a time when the people

there were dissatisfied. Many gathered round him, and he marched on Exeter.

But when the king's forces met his followers the bogus prince suddenly lost confidence and fled till he reached Beaulieu Abbey in the New Forest. The abbey was surrounded and the pretending prince was taken.



He was promised his life and imprisoned in the Tower; but he sought to escape, and on that charge was hanged. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



## Dust is Unhealthy

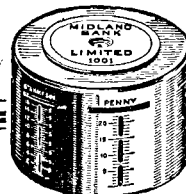
You can't always avoid the other fellow's dust but you can avoid a dry irritating throat. Dust is laden with germs and is a most efficient agent for spreading disease. Keep your mouth clean and healthy with the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. You will like their refreshing taste of pure Black Currant Juice; their soothing properties are wonderful.

Your Chemist stocks them

In Tins 2 oz. 8d. 4 oz. 1/3

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